OL. 45 NO. 7

Lessons for October

JULY 1958

It Was the Common Things

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

It was the common things which gave them strength,
Whose courage cradled Freedom's lusty birth.
No crown was their's, no carpet's royal length,
But virgin land, and brawn, and valor's worth.
The yield of corn, the hearth of hope and trust,
These shaped their lives as good words shape the hymn;
The pail of milk, bread, coarse but gold of crust,
Drew prayerful thanks around each table rim.
And we, in turn, give thanks each time we pause
To treasure common things, deep-rooted ways,
Nor let our chrome-bright progress dim their cause,
But hold their triumphs emblem-high with praise:
The right to speak, to worship as we please—
Our country suckled life from such as these.

The Cover: Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, Alberta, Canada
Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece: Winsor Castle, A Fort Built by Bishop Anson P. Winsor 1869-70 at Pipe Springs in Northern Arizona
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

If a woman had to choose one from the hundreds of magazines printed, and only one, she would have the richness of life in her hand if she selected *The Relief Society Magazine*. In it, her desires for inspiration, beauty, culture, knowledge, practicality, and oh, so much more, would be gratified.

THE GROWING

In 1842
A tiny seed was planted
In faith.
Warmed by hope,
Nourished with labor and love,
Sheltered in the splendor
Of generous hands,
This seed took life . . . .
Grew and increased . . . .
And, in turn, has shared
Its faith, hope, and charity.
With the sharing,
It has arrived in 1958
Strong, warmly alive,
A mother plant,
Which nourishes and strengthens
All who come within its circle.

—Ann Rasmussen
Price, Utah

I went looking for bargains one day. They said there were plenty of sales on, so I jostled the crowd and handled each one. This one was faded—that one was worn—and who in my family could use it? So, after a weary search, I wended my way homeward, but whom should I meet, but the mailman. He handed me the mail, which sent my spirits soaring, for among the mail was my *Relief Society Magazine*. No need to go bargain hunting, for where else could you find for seventeen cents a bargain that really is a bargain than between the covers of this good book? So I settled myself down for a real good look. Would you like to take a glimpse with me of what these covers hold? You'll find living examples of treasures much more than silver or gold.

—Esther Christensen
American Fork, Utah

It thrills me so deeply as I read the wonderful things that are printed each month in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am so proud to be a member of the Society, and so very grateful for the privilege of acting as a counselor and a member of the Singing Mothers. Every day of my life I am more appreciative of the wonderful women who stand at the head of this great organization, the dearest, sweetest, most wonderful personalities in the world.

—Blanche B. Westerberg
St. Anthony, Idaho

I would hate to miss a single issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Out here mid-Atlantic in the Azores, we do not have a Relief Society organized, but now that we have five women, we hope to. I love to study through the *Magazine* and read the lessons and all the inspirational articles and poems. Each issue is eagerly awaited. Thank you for such a constant source of strength and uplift, which all of us who are mothers especially need.

—Janeine Heiner
APO 406
New York City, N.Y.

To help remind the sisters of *The Relief Society Magazine* in our ward, we have the following poem hanging in our meetinghouse:

Dear Sisters:

If you had a housemaid
To help you with your chores
And show you how to cook the meals
Or help you wax the floors,

And if that maid could help you learn
To raise your family right,
You wouldn't be without her—
She'd make your task so light.

Now we have such a maid in mind,
And she's mighty thrifty, dear,
For all the wages that she asks
Is two dollars per year!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

—Jean Cherry
Middleton, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Love at Home

Leah D. Widtsoe

IF you were asked a serious question: "What is the greatest need in the world today?" what would be your answer? We all know that the world is in great need of a universal stabilizing influence—and humanity in general is seeking by fair means or foul to find an answer. There are wars and rumors of wars floating all around us. Indeed, there are "brush wars" so-called in many parts of the world, on the Eastern and Western Continents. In our own country, some of the leaders are warning that utter destruction is in sight, while others are calling for "Peace" — but there is no peace! One may well ask, "Must this be the condition of humanity indefinitely?" What would be your solution to this great overall problem — the world's greatest need? Is there no answer, or may it be sought and found?

There are so many negative forces which are destructive, and increasing in activity. Even in our own midst these evils give cause for grave concern. We know, in general, our people are worthy citizens and that our youth, in the majority, will develop into worthwhile men and women. What disturbs national and state authorities and thinking people everywhere is that mental and physical illness, divorce, delinquency, and crime are on the increase. When it is known that crime costs our nation more than twenty billion dollars a year, that its cost is greater than any other cost of government, save only that of preventing or paying for war; and that the cost of illness (mental and physical) is almost beyond computation; then all must realize that it is time for people to wake up and realize that something must be done to stem the evils resulting therefrom.

The United States Senate Judiciary Sub-committee reports after four years of hearings and study, that if present trends continue, a million juvenile delinquents will be brought before the courts, annually, by 1965. Governor Clyde of Utah recently told the State Council on Child and Youth Fitness: "I am gravely concerned over the softness and growing disrespect for parents, school authorities, and law and order, found among our youth today."

All authorities agree that the best place to prevent these evils is with the impressionable minds of childhood and youth. It cannot be done by having more policement or social agencies, nor with money to provide activities to *cure* delinquency, but it must somehow be *prevented* rather than to stumble along with attempts to cure these evils when, in too many cases, the mischief has been done and cure is next to impossible.

That brings us right back to the home and parents. If children have the right training in their homes and their schools, they are prepared for their own great responsibilities as parents. We train them for every other profession, why not for the greatest one of all—that of making worthy homes and becoming wise parents? Better homes, not costlier ones, and wiser parents is the ultimate answer. Is there any other?

THIS is the month of July when our people celebrate two great days of our history — Independence Day, July 4th, and July 24th, the day when our stalwart ancestors entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Let our memory or imagination carry us back to those early days when the steam engine was a novelty; when railroads, electric lights, telegraph, telephones, automobiles, radio, and television were but figments of man's wildest dreams. The story is told of a wide-eyed, astonished Chinese coolie who having his first glimpse of a cable-car running up and down the steep hills of San Francisco, exclaimed excitedly, "No push-ee, no pull-ee, all-ee sam-ee go like—ee!" At that time our people in these valleys were still driving their "prairie-schooners" with ox-teams or mules, with horses for the few more comfortably fixed families.

How did they live in those days? Were they worried about divorce, juvenile delinquency, and crime? Did they lie, fight, or quarrel; were there thefts and murders as there are by children today? Not as we hear of them constantly, even in our own towns and villages. Of course, being human they were subject to envy and jealousy; they had their difficulties and were harassed by prowling Indians, and lawless adventurers which we escape today. As in every age, there were good and bad people and all shades of in-between characters. No one can dispute that. But they had a prized possession which made evil-doing rare and most disgraceful. The great gift was an almost universal *family-unity* which gave great stability and mitigated much of the sorrows, and assured most of the pleasures and amusements of the day.

I remember well my own childhood, how my parents on the "Glorious" Fourth and Twenty-fourth helped the children make a huge freezer full of ice-cream (not too much cream!) and how the whole neighborhood was invited in for the evening (after the parade and "great doings" of the day) to watch the huge pile of fireworks which my parents had purchased, with the help of some few "savings" of the children, then to feast and visit until all were tired and ready for bed.

Of course, there were illness and accidents and death, to which all of us were heir, but that must be expected in every community in any age. Our Sundays were family days, after and between church sessions, with always a special Sunday dinner. Then in the afternoon the family would gather for a drive in the "surrey with the fringe on top" to visit grandparents. If there was no surrey or horse in the barn, there was always a good "pair of Shanks Ponies" that all possessed, for walking was good exercise for all excepting tiny ones who had their go-carts.

There also come happy memories of an occasional Friday evening when "the crowd" was invited home for an evening of fun and frolic. The children would scour the neighborhood for armfuls of extra peach or lovely apple blossoms to decorate the house. Mother would help the children clear out the living rooms of all furniture, even the organ or piano would be shifted to a side room, and out would go the rugs, so the evening could be spent in jolly dancing — not with just one

partner all evening, dancing "cheek to cheek." Sister's boy friends or brother's pals would often ask Mother to dance, for she was having as much fun as her young people and so was Father. Oh, those happy days! Memory recalls that the real joy of it all was that the family members were together — sharing problems and pleasures and all the experiences of life.

So, were I to give an answer for a possible cure for the world's unrest and its many problems, I would give the simple answer that Jesus gave a Pharisee who asked him:

> Master, which is the great commandment in the law?
>
> Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
>
> This is the first and great commandment.
>
> And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
>
> On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets (Mt. 22:36-40).

This is the true and complete cure of all the world's problems and troubles and sorrows. It was the answer then, in Jesus' day; it is the answer in our day. It sounds very simple, doesn't it? But it is very general. How does one learn to love the Lord? At Mother's knee as one is taught the first approach to "Our Father which art in heaven." But before the little one can conceive of love for Father in heaven, he must know and love earthly parents. This is and should be instinctive, but of course, fathers and mothers must be lovable. Love must be spontaneous; it cannot be forced or demanded.

Next, how does one learn to "love thy neighbour as thyself?" That, too, sounds very simple, but is too general. There must be a beginning and that is to learn first to love those with whom one is surrounded, one's parents, first, then the family, and later one's close associates; then one's near neighbors, and after that one's world-neighbors—all of them, for they are all God's children, his family. And, oh, it is such fun to love — it gives one such inner warmth and glow and lends such glamor and joy to every moment of life. To love gives one the power to spread happiness and sunshine to everyone around the loved one; while to hate gives one a feeling of black despair, with all the sunshine and joy of life removed. The pity of it is that hate hurts worse the one who hates, not the one who is hated.

THE *Grand Answer* then, to all the world's troubles is that people must make good homes and learn to love. To understand as well as to love is essential — and especially to have love at home. The home is the keynote and the beginning of joy and happiness, of stability and progress, and of health or illness or of the opposite conditions. A pertinent remark of President Eisenhower is quoted by his son: "I learned from Dad that it is important to listen to, to talk to, and share experiences with your children."

So much unhappiness begins in the home where parents do not fully understand the consequences of daily acts. I recall a young mother who, trying to provide the best for her young child, bought toys galore and many fancy colored things (ducks, small boats, and oth-

er floating toys) to amuse the child while in the bathtub. One day she bought for herself a pair of fancy, gay, many-colored high-heeled slippers. They were left on the floor, and next day after the child was taken out of the tub, the mother was called to the phone. The little one, playing around, spied Mother's fancy slippers, picked them up, and threw them into the tub to see them float around with the other toys. One can well imagine what happened when mother found her slippers in the tub! I can still hear the screams of the poor little child who didn't know for what she was punished. Who really needed the punishment, the mother who should have put her slippers where they belonged, or the tiny child? So many acts of injustice to children can build up in their minds the feeling that father or mother is unfair or unjust and someday they are going to get even.

Children make many mistakes, and certainly need discipline, even punishment at times but parents should understand that it takes many years for the child to arrive at the adult point of view. They should understand this and make one rule to guide their dealings with their children: Never punish when angry; wait until you have "cooled down" and have tried to understand why the child did the wrong thing. If parents would observe this rule, there would be much more joy in daily life in the home. A child is naturally imitative — he learns that way and always gives back to parents what they give him. If it is slaps and blows when the parents are annoyed or angry, that is what the child will return to them and to others. That is the great reason why parents and children should be fed proper food that builds and feeds the brain and nerves as well as muscles and bones. Then, with proper sleep and exercise, they need not be nervous and irritable.

Our pioneer, Brigham Young, set us a wonderful example here. His daughter Susa states:

> The world knows Brigham Young as a statesman and colonizer; but to his children he was an ideal father, kind to a fault, tender, thoughtful, just, and firm. He spoke but once and none were so daring as to disobey. That his memory is almost worshipped by all who bear his name is an eloquent tribute to his character. None of us feared him; all of us adored him. If the measure of a man's greatness is truly given by Carlyle, as bounded by the number of those who love him and who were loved by him, then few men are as great as was my father, Brigham Young. What his life and love meant to his family only their subsequent lives may testify. What he did as State-founder and Commonwealth builder, only the pages of history may imperfectly recall.

A more intimate personal picture is given by the leader himself:

> "I will relate a little of my course and experience in my family. I have a large family of children, many of them small, and yet I do not think that you ever saw even four children in one family live together with so little contention. Watch them, and their conduct will prove that there is a good spirit influencing them. You may ask how I manage to bring this result. I seldom give a child a cross word; I seldom give a wife a cross word; and I tell my wives never to give a child cause to doubt their word" (WIDTSOE, LEAH D: *Brigham Young, the Man of the Hour*, Bookcraft, 1946, page 141).

HUSBANDS and wives have much responsibility in setting the pattern for love at home. They should

understand that marriage is just the beginning and not the end of courtship and romance. The honeymoon should never cease; it may and should last through life and throughout eternity. Love grows by expression, not by hiding it under a bushel. If romance is fed and cherished, a continuing joy in the partnership is sure to follow. In such a home children will feel the charm and respond to the togetherness of the family. A child reared in such an environment will never be able to say: "I'd faint if I ever saw my father kiss my mother, and I'd wonder if he was ill." No husband would ever be able to say as one is reported to have said when he lost his wife, and a friend trying to comfort, him remarked: "Well, Sam, you must admit that Sarah was a good woman." "Yes," said Sam, "she was a good woman and I nearly told her so once!" Nor would a wife be able to say when at a dinner party, she asked her hostess: "Don't place me by my husband, he crimps my style! I'm never my best around him!"

Husbands and wives would do well to remember that if they can't say something good about one another, say nothing. That's a good rule to follow for all loved ones and for friends and neighbors.

So may we say that the cure of the world's ills is very simple to state but difficult to practice? It is a challenge to all of us but may be learned and enjoyed if one has the will to do it. That cure is *love*, and it has its beginning in Love at Home. If, in our family relations, we make it a sacred duty to look for the good in each other instead of constantly harping on faults and weaknesses, our home life will be more serene and joyous. Then if we will extend that practice to our friends and neighbors — oh, what a happy world this could be!

Summer Growing

Linnie Fisher Robinson

The sun beats down its long and steady rays
Urging a greater strength of twig and root;
Purple begins along the plum's green rim
And cherries load the tree with luscious fruit.
From denser shade I note the birdlings' cries
As food is brought to meet their mounting needs;
And I turn water to a thirsting tree
And pull away the clinging, choking weeds.

I seek the shade wherein my child is sleeping,
Almost too large for his small crib and toys,
With apple blossom glow upon his face,
For summer days are growing days for boys.
Oh, may I never quench his inward growing
And keep the weeds away from God's bestowing.

A House for Living

Olive A. Hanks

I came down the road from my daughter's home—we live in the country—as the day was fading from the sky. The few, long cloud-streamers in the west were a rosy hue, and just above the glow, the evening star shone as sparkling and bright as if it were some jewel in the sky. Directly above my head, the moon, at first-quarter, shone brightly.

As I walked across the lawn, I saw the house loom darkly against a backdrop of sky and leafless trees. Leaves rustled under my feet, and I remembered the afternoon of this day. It had been golden with sunshine on the new-fallen maple leaves.

I said aloud, "This is my home and I love it."

Styles in houses change rapidly. Folks are now building bigger fireplaces, larger windows, low roofs, patios, and at night you catch glimpses of beautiful interiors as you pass rapidly in the street.

Did you ever wonder where the money comes from with which to build such spacious, luxurious homes? As I look at them, I see again the homes "across the tracks." There is always an "across the tracks" in every town of any size.

No matter how costly other houses may be or how expensive their furniture, I am determined to be content with my own. We built our "new" house at the back of the old one eight years after we were married. Four of the children were born in the old and four in the new.

I walked through the "new" house when it was under construction and dreamed of the curtains I would hang, the color schemes of the different rooms. I loved the bedrooms, so light and airy, where sunlight came through the windows at some time during the day.

The piano would stand in this wall space; the window seat placed between the bookcases, would be filled with colorful sofa pillows.

Houses have changed in style since that time, but the years have filled our home with light and laughter and song and tears.

I love our house for the morning sun through French doors; I love it for the shelter it affords against the storms of winter and all the comfort it has brought to all of us under its roof; for the dining room, with the table surrounded by happy faces; for the footsteps on the stairs. . . .

I love it for what it has been, what it is now, and for what I hope to keep it. I am content. This is my home and I love it.

On Full-Sunned Path

Amy Viau

As you walk forward
On a full-sunned path,
Allow no chilling thought of shadowy hour
To assail you.
Look not for pitfalls
As though the Shepherd is not leading;
Look high—
As to greening mountains and the stars.
As breaths of spacious air enfold you
With confidence, behold God's universe
Remembering he loves you.

The Western Canadian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE Western Canadian Mission was formed by the First Presidency in September 1941, with Walter Miller of Taber, Alberta, Canada, as the first president. The mission territory at first included all the province of Alberta north of the city of Calgary.

A few weeks after he was called, President Miller established the headquarters of the mission in Edmonton, where, with the help of N. Eldon Tanner, President of the Edmonton Branch, he purchased a mission home, The first missionaries called to labor in the new mission were Keith D. Miller, Myron L. Western Jr., James B. Skidmore, Stanford S. Larson, Quayle M. Waddell, and Albert S. Johnson. Active proselyting was begun and has continued since that time.

In December 1942 the Province of Saskatchewan was added to the Western Canadian Mission.

President Miller was released as president of the mission in March 1945, and Joseph Y. Card of Cardston, Alberta, Canada, was appointed as his successor. President Card presided until May 1947, when he was released on account of illness. He was succeeded by Glen G. Fisher.

In 1947, the Province of British Columbia was transferred from the Northwestern States Mission to the Western Canadian Mission, under the direction of Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve. President

British Government Photograph
Submitted by Annie Ruth Larson

INNER HARBOR, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Government Photograph
Submitted by Annie Ruth Larson

HAIRTRIGGER LAKE ON FORBIDDEN PLATEAU
WESTERN CANADA

Glen G. Fisher was released in December 1951, and was succeeded by R. Scott Zimmerman.

President David O. McKay visited the Western Canadian Mission in July 1954, and at Vancouver B. C., dedicated a new chapel.

President R. Scott Zimmerman was released in January 1956 and was succeeded by Moroni Larson, Jr. President Larson has recently been released and will be succeeded by Parley A. Arave of Blackfoot, Idaho.

In December 1957 there were 6,154 members of the Church in the Western Canadian Mission, located in twenty-seven branches.

Thirty-eight Relief Society organizations, with 768 members, were reported in December 1957. Annie Ruth Larson who has presided over the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society since 1956, will be succeeded by Lila Anderson Arave.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, Alberta, Canada," is reproduced from a photograph by Josef Muench. See also "Recipes From the Western Canadian Mission," by Annie Ruth Larson, page 442.

"Not to the Swift"

Chapter 1

Deone R. Sutherland

CHICAGO roared past the windows of the "elevated" train. Bleak, dark buildings, differing from their neighbors only in slight variations of size, some taller, some thinner, but all dirty, were the only "view." Julie and her mother had often talked of moving to a cleaner suburb, but, after all, her mother worked down in the Loop, and it was more difficult for her mother to get to work than for Julie to commute to school. The elevated had merged with the subway now, and the lights of the long tunnel shot past the window in bright blurs. Julie decided she would have to quit dreaming, or she'd pass her station and have to walk back. She gave a shiver of pleasure as she could hear "Musetta's Waltz" from La Boheme singing in her mind. She became so tired of singing for Madame Heinrich again and again the same thing over.

It was her stop! Julie barely had time to duck through the door before the train was clanging away again underneath the city. The trains never lost a moment loading or unloading the vast number of people who traveled to and fro beneath the great city. Julie checked her books and music and wallet. Yes, everything was there. The people were pushing past her. She moved with the crowd, up the stairs, into the city.

"Valse di Musetta" by Puccini—her favorite melody from the whole opera, she whispered to herself. Were there really to be no more afternoons in Madame Heinrich's dreary flat practicing and practicing? After a year spent in private study, she was in school now. She was really registered in a big musical school in a great university with young people who had the same love of music. She felt a moment's sadness, for Madame Heinrich had been good to her. She had been fond of Julie, and had treated her almost like a daughter. She had showed her through her thick album of her own concert days when she appeared at the *Stattssoper* in Vienna and the *Deutsche Stattssoper* in Berlin. The trunk, with the faded relics and bits of finery, fans and laces from costumes, were as familiar to Julie as the small three-room apartment that she and her mother shared.

Her mother would not yet be home from work. There was no use in ringing. Julie unlocked the outside door, closed it carefully behind her, and walked up the three flights to their apartment. Why did so many of these old apartment houses always have the same dark red carpeting for the halls and stairs? She vaguely remembered a different kind of life in childhood, but try as she might, those memories had become very dim. She stopped at the door and took out her key. How lonely the apartment house was. Even as a child she had found few friends. That was the advantage of living here, her mother had told her. "It will be quiet for your practicing, no distractions. Of course,

you can't practice after ten, but that's to be expected in an apartment."

The farm that she remembered from her babyhood had been quiet, too. But she had never been lonely out West. Perhaps because her father had been alive, life had not been lonely then. Even the distant mountains had seemed friendly, and the wide fields, also, she somehow remembered. She had viewed them often from the top of her father's shoulders. He had seemed as tall as a mountain, but she had always felt safe on her lofty perch. When her father had died, those days ended. Her mother hadn't wanted to stay out West. Her daughter, her mother said, was going to take up the career she had never had, but had wanted.

JULIE opened the windows against the mustiness of the apartment. Her mother had such ambitions for her. Perhaps she didn't have as much talent as her mother thought. She shivered and looked back at the music she had tossed on the couch that served as a couch in the daytime and a bed for Julie in the evening. The music reassured her. The melody sang again in her mind. She would play it through just once.

The piano was the only possession of real value the Markhams owned. The beautiful Steinway dwarfed the entire apartment. Julie approached the piano with love. She was aware of the sacrifices a widow with a small child had made to afford a piano like this. She would just go through the song once; she wouldn't even sing. Well, maybe she would just sing it through once softly. Why should she feel such longing at this melody? If she were a real musician she would prefer possibly. . . . She leaned her head against the music and looked out the window. It must be the fall weather that made her feel so emotional, the leaves turning orange and brown, the sharp coolness in the air in the early morning. The campus was another world away from the rumble of the center of the city. She would be spending all her days in that world of trees and rolling lawns and music. . . . That must account for the longing she was feeling.

The buzzer sounded, and she jumped to her feet with a start. Quickly she pushed the button to unlock the front door and let her mother in. She dashed into the kitchen and pulled on her apron. She hadn't even been practicing really, just dreaming. There was enough of the ham and potato casserole from last night to do. She lighted the oven and slid the dish in. She jerked open the refrigerator and pulled out the lettuce and green onions. Now if there was just one tomato left. There was, she sighed with relief. The door bell rang; her mother had come slowly up the stairs tonight. She must have had a hard day. Julie ran to open the door for her.

Mary Markham was a legal secretary. She had had drive and ambition, and when she had been faced with rearing a child alone, she had brought forth a courage she didn't know she possessed. She had had typing and shorthand in high school, but most of her time had been spent on voice lessons and piano. Her own mother had been a music teacher, and she had had high hopes for her only daughter. Then Mary had met the missionaries. She had gone West, but there had been no mu-

sical jobs out there to find. So she had ended with a job as a filing clerk in a firm. Her letters to her mother in the East were returned unopened.

ONE day Mary had met the cousin of her employer, Ralph Markham. If she had not met him, she pondered sometimes, would she have returned to her mother? But Ralph Markham became the reason for every sacrifice. She had seen the farm before she and Ralph were married, but love had closed her eyes to everything unpleasant. Mary hadn't foreseen the long days of hard work, the birth of a daughter with no relatives to exclaim over the pretty blue eyes and fair hair. She had felt like an outsider in the ward, but perhaps she hadn't tried to be friendly. Mary sighed; it was so long ago. No doubt she had made many mistakes. There had been no money for a piano, and in the hot days, Mary had quit feeling like singing. But then little Julie had opened her sweet mouth and followed the trilling of the meadow lark in perfect imitation. Mary had thought then that she wouldn't be able to stand it, if Julie didn't have the opportunities she had so carelessly thrown away.

The nightmare of the accident and Ralph's death had been more than Mary thought she could stand. She had dried Julie's six-year-old tears and packed their few belongings. The little insurance Ralph had left, had taken them back to Chicago and kept them long enough for Mary to take a course, in order to find a well-paying job where she could support Julie. She had had to find a woman to keep an eye on Julie after school, but somehow those things worked out. Mary's mother died, never quite forgiving Mary for "throwing away her life," but she did leave her a little money that went toward the Steinway and Julie's first lessons.

Mary Markham glanced in the oval mirror by the front hall closet. Her gray hair looked neat and cool, and she didn't look as old as she felt. Perhaps she wouldn't have to worry about the new young secretary the law offices had hired. It had been hard to hear Mr. Thayer remark on how alert and quick the new secretary had seemed in regard to catching on to office procedures. Mary's expression hadn't changed, but the clutch of fear had been there. She had seen too many older women have to step down. Everything in life was temporary, it seemed. Still, she glanced at her face critically, perhaps she was safe for a few years yet.

"Are you tired, Mother?" Julie's freshness made her shiver again. She was old. Too old to compete with these young things. Julie was radiant. Mary put her problems aside. Julie would be brimming over with the news of school and her new professors. All her hopes lay in Julie, and she looked at the blue eyes and the fair hair and the promise that Julie had.

"Mother, dinner's not quite ready, but go ahead with your shower. Everything will be on by the time you're finished. Wasn't the city dirty today?"

Julie didn't know why she babbled so. Her mother was looking at her oddly. She wanted to tell her mother how wonderful school was, but she couldn't just yet. She wanted to keep the feeling to herself just a little while longer.

"Very well, Julie," her mother said drily. There, she had hurt her mother's feelings, the person she wanted to take care of always, the person she wanted to keep safe from everything. So she told her mother about the campus and each class and showed her her music. She sang while her mother played "Musetta's Waltz," and her mother nodded her head with approval. Dinner was very late, so Julie washed up while her mother showered. After she was in bed, she could remember everything for herself again.

ON Sunday morning Julie sang as a soloist for a church out on North Michigan Avenue. In this way she had been able to help out quite a bit toward her own lessons and now with tuition, but the time conflicted with her Church services. Then just two weeks after she had started at the University, Julie saw a notice on the bulletin board in the music school. It said student members of the L.D.S. Church were going to organize a club and a time and place on the campus were set for the first meeting. When the ward teachers came, she told them about it. They told her that their ward had grown so it was being divided. Two wards would now be using their chapel, so the time for one Sunday School would be later. Would she be able to come to Sunday School now at this later time?

"If I caught the elevated immediately after I finish singing, I could be out to the ward by eleven," she said happily.

"That's good," her mother agreed, "but don't try to do too much, you can't give up your work, for we need the money, and the experience you gain as a soloist is good. But I'm glad you won't have to miss Sunday School any longer."

But the next week Julie hadn't been able to make the first club meeting after all. Dr. Rossi had kept her after class, but she decided she would go for sure to the very next one. And she was going to Sunday School on Sunday.

On Sunday morning she asked her mother to meet her, so they could go out to Sunday School together.

"I don't think I'd better try it this week," her mother answered regretfully. "I'm extra tired for some reason; I'll need some extra rest to get through the coming week."

"If you'd rather I didn't go. . . ." Julie offered doubtfully. She was wearing her new tan tweed suit flecked with bronze, and her tiny hat had a brown feather curling forward. Her hair was blond gold against the brown of her hat. She was eager to be on her way.

Mary Markham smiled and reassured her daughter, "I'll be all right, but you hurry home after Sunday School. I'd feel better if you were riding with someone."

"But I don't know anyone anymore," Julie smiled back. "I'll be all right." She hurried down the carpeted stairs. She passed a woman coming up, but the woman kept her eyes averted politely. It was funny, Julie thought, how people could live in the same building, year after year, and never know each other. When she was little, there had been a lady who lived downstairs who gave her cookies, but most people kept to themselves.

The air was cool, the smell of fall everywhere. Autumn was Julie's favorite time of the year in Chicago.

She transferred to the bus. How much nicer it was out of the city. The ride out on the elevated hadn't been too bad, and her singing had been excellent this morning, she had been told. She thought how much prettier this chapel was than that little hall they had met in when she had first gone to Sunday School as a child. Now that she was almost there, Julie suddenly felt shy. Her mother would have marched right in, but Julie hesitated under the trees and stirred the leaves with her foot. They were singing, so she was a little late for all her hurrying. Maybe she'd better just go home; it wasn't fair to leave her mother alone, anyway. Then she began to hear the words of the song. Why, it was about the mountaintops. It was one of her favorite hymns.

"I hope you're coming in here to church?" Julie looked in surprise and recognition. It was Mr. Carlson from the music school. She had been assigned to one of his sections for special voice lessons. He was studying for his Ph.D. and teaching on a fellowship. Surely, he couldn't belong to the Church, too. He had begun to smile at her surprise and confusion.

"I belong here, sort of. . . ." Julie stammered.

"I wondered where our prize pupil really came from. I should have known with a voice like yours, you'd be from out home. . . ." He was drawing her up the steps.

"But I really am almost a stranger. . . . I mean I've missed so many times." Julie's face flushed again. She didn't want to have him accepting her under false pretenses.

He stopped and smiled at her. "All right then," he said, "we can begin as strangers here together, that is if anyone can feel like a stranger anywhere in our Church. You know, this is my first quarter back here, too, so we can get acquainted with everyone together. Agreed?"

There was no time to answer, because the door was being held open, and Mr. Carlson guided her into a bench and sat beside her. The organ was playing again, and Mr. Carlson was offering to share the book. She took hold of the edge, and as the type settled into words and bars of music, she began to sing with all the others, "Oh, ye mountains high. . . ."

(*To be continued*)

With Weight of Years

Grace Ingles Frost

We, who bear the weight of many years,
Know not, for us, what each new day may hold,
But we remember joys long past, and fold
Their memories about the present hours,
As we would weave a garland of rare flowers.
Their remembrance makes time now to seem
Like bright effulgence of an after-gleam
That at the day's end graces mountain height
To bring the soul more near to heavenly light,
And thoughts of him whose brilliance is supreme—
Who gives us patience to await his will and dream
Of time that was and of life yet to be.

The Olympian Rain Forest

Dorothy J. Roberts

DEEP in the wilderness of the Olympian Peninsula in the State of Washington, we found the Rain Forest on the Hoh River. Here truly was Longfellow's "forest primeval," where

> The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
> indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of eld. . . .

One road to the Rain Forest winds around the south and west sides of the Olympian Peninsula — United States Highway 101. This road can be reached from Portland, Oregon, by way of the scenic Columbia River route to Astoria and the sea, where there are delightful beaches, thence by ferry across the outlet of the Columbia River, and by highway again to Hoquiam and Aberdeen, then up the coast and inland again. The fifty miles of ocean strip is one of the most primitive remaining in the country, majestic and serene, and filled with rare wild life. Watch for the sign on the east side of the road which reads "Rain Forest." Take the nineteen-mile, good graveled road, along the Hoh River, to the ranger station, where the Rain Forest one-mile Nature Trail begins and ends. Plan to reach this trail before noon, or as near as possible to the middle of the day, in order to view the forest depths in the most revealing light, and have time enough to complete the trip without haste. When you return from the Rain Forest Trail to Highway 101, you can go back as you came, or go on around the peninsula of the Olympic National Park, a loop of about two hundred miles or more, with Port Angeles, on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, at the top. This port has a ferry to famous Victoria in Canada.

Another scenic approach road follows United States Highway 410 from Lewiston, Idaho, to Walla Walla, Washington, through Pasco, Richland, and Yakima to Mount Rainier and on to Puyallup and Olympia and the excellent highway that follows the east border of the Olympic National Park along the Hood Canal.

The Olympic National Forest is open the year around, but August and September are perhaps the most desirable months to visit this preserve where the virgin rain forests of the Northwest Coast are protected and preserved for generations of those who have and will love the wilderness of woods.

On the way to the forest we enjoyed miles of evergreens, including many lacy red cedars. Sometimes we followed the sea, where the setting sun haloed the waves' fine spume with gold. We passed through little towns and ate their fresh wild huckleberry pie, so rare and so delicious.

FROM the ranger station in the Hoh River Rain Forest, on a clear bright morning in September, we walked a mile-long loop-trail through the most luxuriant forest in any temperate climate. Rain forests are usually found only in the rainy portions of the tropics. But the 130 to 150 inches of rainfall here, is more than in most tropical forests. The rain and the mild climate have formed for us this heart-stirring wonder.

The forest appears ever luminous even in the rain, because of the light reflected from the pale green mosses and other green plants spread under the towering trees. But watch your light meter in photographing; the light is deceiving. We had to lean far back to see the soaring heights

Courtesy Olympic National Park

VIEW IN THE OLYMPIAN RAIN FOREST

of the venerable Sitka spruce, the western hemlock, and the giant Douglas fir, the largest tree in the western hemisphere except for the Sequoia. All were hung with long, soft, waving mosses, centuries old.

The ages lie revealed here where life is continuous. We saw made manifest the unbroken chain of existence. A giant tree falls, and in its rotting log, a family of seedlings spring up in a row. Only on this ancestor can they survive against the dense ground plants and grow into monarchs themselves. They, in turn, after their allotted centuries of life, fall, to provide sustenance and life for the next generation.

The seedlings are mainly Sitka spruce and western hemlock, which are native to the rain forest. A nurse log will sustain both kinds of seedlings on a single log. When the nurse log is finally consumed and rotted away, the new trees straddle its resting place in a long row. The largest Sitka spruce here is 300 feet high, with a circumference of twenty-five and an eighth feet, and is 800 years old.

The Douglas firs, though some of the most tremendous trees, are only minority members of the Rain Forest, for only a few of them can reproduce in the dense shade.

This is more than a forest of trees. It is a whole community of trees, shrubs, plants, ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi, and microscopic organisms; animals, big and small, all living and dying in a fine balance of relationship with their environment. Creatures from insects to elk make the forest their home. We saw a squirrel and later three black bears padding down the road. Birds, if they cannot always be seen, can be heard — wrens, thrushes, woodpeckers, robins, jays, chickadees, hawks, and even eagles.

IN the carpet of mosses and liverworts about 100 species have been found—some so rare they are known only to scientists. Most of the mosses could thrive only under the high, torn umbrella of the forest. Above this green carpet, among other plants, the graceful vine maples, draped with curtains of moss, beautify the forest.

A lighter area of the forest, where the sun can sift through, is the "Hall of Mosses," a grove of bigleaf maple, draped with flowing beards of moss. There are eighteen species of mosses alone.

Ferns grow on the slopes, on the trunks of the trees, and even in their lofty crowns, 250 feet above the earth. The fungus seen on the dead tree stumps, is only the fruiting part of the fungus. The greater part of it spreads inside the stump in filaments feeding on the wood. Though there are many kinds of fungi — mushrooms, moulds, mildews, and bacteria, these are mainly saprophytes here. They live on the dead plants and, by devouring them, return them to the soil. Without this process the forest would be crowded with dead trees. Death and decay are as natural as life and growth.

The Olympian Peninsula is one of the few wildernesses left in the United States, and the Rain Forest on the Hoh River is one of its many attractions. Farther inland are other primitive areas of plant and animal life which we hope to visit on another trip.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

VISIT TO SAN LUIS STAKE: We held meetings in Morgan and Richfield and Eastdale, the last twenty-five miles away across the Rio Grande River over which has been built a stupendous iron bridge. The drive to Eastdale was most interesting and there were novelties to be seen in Spanish and Mexican houses. . . . Eastdale is beautifully situated and at present prosperous under the direction of Bishop Jenson who seems to possess the elements of character necessary for colonizing. We enjoyed this place very much, held two meetings. . . . We left early in the morning and drove near to a rugged mountain on the borders of New Mexico, en route we saw several wolves who seemed very bold and fleet of foot. . . . We reached Manassa as we supposed in time for an afternoon meeting, but were surprised to find a banquet had been prepared instead in the new hall just purchased by the sisters there for the use of the Relief Society. . . .

—Emmeline B. Wells

THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS: The Mothers' Congress which was held in the Assembly Hall in this city commencing June 30, and closing July 2, was a complete success, and being the first of its kind in the West, demonstrated the fact that Western women are alive to the best interests and welfare of the nation of which they are an important part. . . . The Latter-day Saints have ever been alive upon the question of motherhood, and through the Council of Health and the Relief Society . . . have been inculcating the knowledge and insisting upon the holiness of this condition, and its manifold duties and responsibilities.

—Editorial Note

A VISION

Evening's shades around me fall, and hush the great
world's hum;
Quiet pervades in vales of peace, as glints the
setting sun.
Only the wind's soft murmuring song is borne on
the ambient air;
While musing I sit and ponder long, on the fate
of all things fair. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

SALT LAKE STAKE ENCOURAGES A CLASS FOR NURSES: Counselor A. T. Hyde welcomed the sisters and stated that President M. I. Horne had been thrown from a buggy and was bruised about the face, but hoped she would be able to meet with us yet; also spoke of the nursing class and requested President E. S. Taylor . . . to state her feelings in regard to the class. Sister Taylor said she thought the movement a grand one. "To think that one hundred and fifty of our sisters can obtain a good training to enable them to nurse the sick and also to nurse their own families skillfully. I am proud that some of our young ladies have volunteered to take this course of study. A nurse should love to do good, love those around her and be cheerful in the presence of the sick. Many of you may never be called upon to nurse the poor, but should you, your heart should be so generous that you will be willing to bless others, then you will have the greater remuneration. . . ."

—L. D. Alder, Act. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DR. HELENE TOOLAN of the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, is credited with significant and encouraging research towards finding an eventual anti-cancer vaccine. She has pin-pointed for the first time "the part of the cancer cell that is involved in an animal's defense against transplanted human cancer."

MABEL LAW ATKINSON, who has won awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem, and in Relief Society Short Story Contests, was recently awarded the first prize of $100 in the Minnesota Statehood Centennial Contest 1958. Mrs. Atkinson also received first honorable mention in the recent Franklin Pierre Davis Contest for poems on "everyday living."

MORE than 5,000 women are employed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They serve as laboratory assistants, technicians, translators, code and cipher examiners, telephone operators, secretaries, stenographers, clerks, and do many other kinds of detailed and important work.

MISS JEAN LISTEBARGER, second-grade teacher at the Edwards School in Ames, Iowa, is *McCall's* National Teacher of the Year for 1958. She challenges superior students with additional assignments and personally helps the backward. She is convinced that children will read if they learn early to *want* to read. She teaches her twenty-seven students Spanish because young children pick up languages so easily.

EBBA MATHESIUS, formerly of Provo, Utah, and now at Geneva, Illinois, has written a delightful book for children, *Ingeborg of Sweden*. Published by Whittier Books, Inc. of New York City, the book is inscribed "To the Children of America and to Those Grown-Ups Who Still Cherish Their Childhood Memories." The book narrates the adventures and home life of Ingeborg who lives on a large Swedish estate and participates joyously in the customs of her people. The author, a good friend to Latter-day Saints, was born in Sweden and came to the United States in 1912. She is an accomplished lecturer and musician and the author of the pamphlet "Peace Is Made in the Minds of Men."

THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER, a naturalist and a highly adventurous woman, in *Clear Lands and Icy Sea* (Dodd Mead and Company) gives a vivid picture of the Arctic beauty of southern Baffin Island and eastern Hudson Bay, and many interesting people connected therewith.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 JULY 1958 NO. 7

Necessary Conditions for the Restoration of the Gospel

OF significance to Latter-day Saints of whatever nationality with relation to the restoration of the gospel, are two paragraphs in the Dedicatory Prayer delivered by President David O. McKay at the New Zealand Temple. He prayed:

> We are grateful for the Constitution of the United States of America which permitted the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be divinely established and which grants to every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. . . .
>
> We are grateful that into the hearts of all Thou hast implanted the divine gift of free agency with the resultant consciousness of human dignity and the assurance that each individual is precious in Thy sight.

One is reminded of necessary conditions for the restoration of the gospel in the latter days and the part which the United States of America had in the restoration. From revealed scripture we learn that from the beginning the Western Hemisphere has been "a land of promise," "a land of liberty," a "land . . . kept from the knowledge of other nations," a "land choice above all other lands." The garden of Eden was here. Three years prior to Adam's death he called "the residue of his posterity, who were righteous, into the valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman, and there bestowed upon them his last blessing . . . and notwithstanding he was bowed down with age . . . predicted whatsoever should befall his posterity unto the latest generation."

Lehi declared "There shall none come unto this land save they shall be brought by the hand of the Lord." The warning also went "and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall serve God or they shall be swept off . . . for it is the everlasting decree of God" (Ether 2:7 ff.).

In modern days the promised land was discovered by Columbus, a man among the Gentiles on whom "the Spirit of God" wrought and who "went forth upon the many waters." Lehi also observed that "the Spirit of God . . . wrought upon other Gentiles and they went forth out of captivity . . . and they did prosper and obtain the land for their inheritance; and I beheld that they were white and exceeding fair and beautiful" and "did humble themselves before the Lord and the power of the Lord was with them" (I Nephi 13:12 ff.).

The principle of free agency over which the war in heaven was fought fired the tinder which struck off The Declaration of Independence, whose 182d anniversary is observed this July 4th. In righteous wrath against injustices of the mother country, patriots began to forge the events which some years later resulted in the adoption of the Constitution of the United States

framed by the "hands of wise men" whom the Lord declared he raised up "unto that very purpose."

The Constitution, divinely inspired, bestowed freedom of religion on all those who lived under its provisions. The great plan for the restoration of the gospel in these latter days neared realization with its adoption. The land was sanctified by the shedding of blood and soon the great Prophet of the last dispensation was born in the promised land which had been prepared for the establishment of the gospel.

The Government of the United States has had a vital role in the mission of the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. In the present year when world conditions are uncertain and men's hearts fail them, it is well to recall the words of Lehi concerning the Gentiles who prospered and obtained the land of their inheritance. One who would continue his inheritance must follow the pattern described by Lehi of the inheritors who "did humble themselves before the Lord and the power of the Lord was with them." Only through humility and worship of Christ as the God of this land will the United States of America continue to fulfill its destiny.

Elder Matthew Cowley uttered words of prophetic portent:

> . . . I say thank God for the moral standards of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and if this country is ever defeated, it will be defeated by perversion within the country, by moral decay. There is no power outside the confines of this land which can defeat us, if we are strong in our righteousness. That is our armor and our shield (*Matthew Cowley Speaks*, page 283).

—M. C. S.

Unfulfilled

Patricia Lentz

Why is it that when music fills the air
With sweet wild note,
Tears brim my eyes and voiceless longing
Swells my aching throat?
Could I but sing! What ecstasy to loose
The flood and burst the bonds
That hold me fast and cruelly keep me mute!

And why in springtime, like the rushing wings
Of errant birds returning,
Do memories to my heart's home flock unbidden
And set me yearning,
Till fires long banked far fall and winter's slow
And steady consuming,
Flare up and threaten to engulf me in their blast?

Why does my spirit reject these mortal fetters
And ever outward, upward soar,
Disdaining to walk, and beat with such persistence
Its wings against the very heaven's door?
What hidden, desperate need goads me
On through all earth's wanderings
To return here at last, where I may be fulfilled?

Honor Thy Father and Mother

THE word *honor* is one of the richest in the language. It implies *esteem, reverence, respect, courtesy, integrity, purity, chastity* — and much more.

"To honor" also requires obedience — to obey and respect those we would honor.

The commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" encompasses all of these, and it promises much for obedience. Paul called it "the first

commandment with a *promise.*" And what a promise, as we shall see!

But first there's your part to be done, young men and young women of the Church.

Let's begin with the little things. How long has it been, you teenaged daughter, since you took your mother in your arms and thanked her for life and the countless kind deeds she has performed for you since birth?

Or you, son, when did you last thank Dad for food, clothing, home, education, the use of his car, and wise counsel?

Do you, our sons and daughters, honor your parents in your choice of good companions, in your seen and unseen conduct, in Church attendance, in the sharing of home work, in self-improvement, in keeping the faith?

These are the daily ways you can please and honor parents.

And what are the rewards for honoring them?

First, there's joy and inward satisfaction for you. These blessings come automatically. Then there's the Lord's special promise that you will "live long on the earth" and that "it may go well with you."

What a promise; what a prospect? To do less than to obey this commandment, to receive less in return, would be to deprive yourself of one of the richest experiences in life.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Key to Wisdom

Ida Elaine James

Waiting on the corner for his bus,
Face so shiny-clean, meticulous
In tingle of an early breeze, he stands;
School book spread open in his eager hands,
A frown of tenseness on his seeking face.
What draws his eyes from all the fragrant grace
That haunts the early morning? There must be,
Enclosed in bookish covers, mystery
Greater than birds' nests in the shadowy boughs,
Whose songful tenants lack the skill to rouse
His interest. Neither can the chattering squirrels
Engage him, nor the cries of pretty girls.
Authoritatively his book compels him!
I cannot help but wonder what it tells him.
Somewhere along the magic of its pages
He seeks the key to wisdom of the ages.

Recipes From the Western Canadian Mission

Submitted by Annie Ruth Larson

Fish and Chips

Clean fillets of fish (halibut or sole) and season with salt and pepper, sprinkle generously with lemon juice, then roll in flour and dip in a thin batter and fry at 360°F. in deep fat in a deep fat fryer.

The lemon juice makes the flour cling to the fish and the flour makes the batter cling evenly. Serve fish with French-fried potatoes.

Batter for Fish and Chips:

1 c. sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
⅔ c. milk
1 tbsp. butter, melted

Sift flour and salt together. Add beaten eggs, milk, and butter and combine to make a smooth batter.

Stuffed Cabbage

1 cabbage, medium-sized
1 lb. ground beef
1 c. uncooked rice
2 cans tomato soup
1 onion, large
seasonings

Cook the cabbage whole until just tender. Fry meat with onion and seasonings. Mix rice and meat. Wrap meat mixture in the cooked cabbage leaves and brown in same skillet that was used to fry meat. The leaves should be nicely browned on all sides. Place stuffed leaves in casserole and pour tomato soup over them. Bake two hours in moderate oven.

Soup may be diluted with milk if the soup is too thick. The stuffed cabbage should have a rich sauce and not be too dry.

Pickle Relish

8 large cucumbers
1 head cauliflower
12 large onions
2 red peppers

Brine:
½ c. salt
4 c. boiling water

Put cucumbers, cauliflower, onions, and peppers through food chopper. Soak thirty minutes in brine. Drain chopped vegetables for two or three hours.

Dressing Ingredients:

8 c. vinegar
8 c. white sugar
¼ c. mustard
1 tbsp. celery seed
⅞ c. flour
½ tbsp. turmeric

Cook all ingredients together for twenty minutes. Bottle and seal.

Sweet and Sour Spareribs

2½ lbs. spareribs
2 tbsp. cornstarch
1 c. tomato juice
½ c. vinegar
½ c. brown sugar
½ tsp. soy sauce (more if desired)

Brown spareribs and pour off excess grease. Mix remaining ingredients together and pour over the spareribs and cook very slowly for three hours.

Rice for serving with Spareribs:

¾ c. rice
salt to taste
2 tbsp. minced onion
2 tbsp. butter
1½ c. boiling water

Mix these ingredients and then place in a cake tin or casserole and bake along with the spareribs.

Broiled Chicken

Cut up and prepare for cooking one chicken (fryer). Brush pieces of chicken with melted butter using a pastry brush. Roll in crushed potato chips. Place pieces on broiler rack and place in oven and bake one and one-half hours at 325°F.

Melting Moments

½ lb. butter
2 c. cake flour*
2 tbsp. confectioner's sugar

Cream butter, add confectioner's sugar and flour. Drop in small quantities on baking sheet. Bake ten to fifteen minutes at 325°. Put together in sandwich form with icing.

These cookies should be only about one inch in diameter when baked. This recipe is made easier in an electric mixer. Variations can be made by adding chopped nuts or fruits and making larger balls. Roll in powdered sugar after baking and before cooling.

*All-purpose flour may be used by adding 2 tbsp. cornstarch per cup and sifting thoroughly.

With You Away

Enola Chamberlin

I thought I could not bear to view
The yellow daffodils,
Nor watch the early grass of spring
Make green the rain-black hills.

I thought my heart would break when blooms
Were on the apple tree,
With sunlight dappled underneath
And you not here to see.

I thought the rose and violet
Would put my peace to rout;
That I would have to seal my room
To keep their perfume out.

But I was so prepared for these,
Had such a courage gained,
That they had come and gone and still
My fortitude remained.

Until about an hour ago,
When near the west porch wall,
I found the treasured knife you lost
While pruning vines last fall.

The Long View

Sara O. Moss

KRISTINE spread the wool blankets along the lines, then went up the tailored walk toward the patio of her new home. Her mother, Mrs. Day, sat in the lawn swing holding Anne, the six-month-old baby. Kristine sat down on the rustic bench close by, a dozen worries persisting in her mind.

"I dread bringing Phil home from the hospital tomorrow," she said. "There will be so many things to distract him, and he's still so nervous since the accident. Contractors coming, people, telephone calls — Mother, I'm afraid Phil's made a terrible mistake. He should never have given up his teaching."

The older woman rocked with the sleeping baby's head on her shoulder. "I thought so from the beginning, dear," she said, "but falling heir to all this mountain land, and the way people are clamoring for long-view property, I'm sure Phil felt he was using his engineering degree to advantage in developing this hill. And yet, Phil's a born teacher, Kristine. He belongs with the young people."

Kristine did not answer, but looked down into the valley. The streets were like ribbons, squaring off evenly cut blocks like a patchwork quilt. Every tall building could be identified, and back of Capitol Hill, the houses clung to the slopes, on up toward the top. And the lake lay far in the distance, and the low mountains, protectingly hemmed in the valley. It was a beautiful sight.

"I remember that first night we drove up here, Mother," said Kristine musingly. "It was the day Phil found out about Uncle Charlie's leaving him the mountain land. We stood about here, and the long view did it. I shall never forget the lights of the city that night, sparkling, dazzling, reaching far around the city and the valley. They looked like a necklace of jewels on black velvet. I just wanted to feast on their beauty, not wanting to let them go. We decided then on the development. It seemed like a wonderful idea at the time, but the point is, we've never had a tranquil day since. And we used to have so much fun. Every day then was a challenge."

"And all because you were doing the thing you loved most — molding young lives. Well, much as I adore holding this baby, I must go. It's getting late."

Mrs. Day rose carefully to keep the baby sleeping. Kristine got up, too, and led the way to the child's room. After tucking a light blanket over the baby, the two women went out again, Mrs. Day entering her car.

"I think you're right about keeping Phil quiet for a while," said the mother. "He's still suffering from shock, and he needs a great deal of rest, Kristine. See that he gets it. And don't worry." She backed out, waving as she sped away down the road.

When her mother had gone, Kristine entered into the usual routine of the late afternoon. She ate an early meal with David, her six-year-old, then helped him with his

reading. She fed the baby and got her ready for bed. After tucking her into her crib, she was startled to hear the doorbell ringing. She hurried down the long corridor to answer it.

"Why, Sister Currie!" exclaimed Kristine with genuine welcome, when she saw a neighbor from the old home street. "How good to see you!" She hugged the little woman, then ushered her into the spacious living room.

"Your new home is surely elegant, Sister Westman," said the older woman, her roving eyes taking in the pretentious furnishings about her, as she sat on the green lounge chair.

KRISTINE smiled. "I'm having a time to get used to it," she confessed. "Everything is so automatic. Sometimes I long for the clumsy old house on Juniper Street."

"And how we wish you were back," Sister Currie answered. Her eyes filled and her voice choked on the last words.

"You're in trouble," said Kristine, moving closer. "Is it Tommy?"

Sister Currie nodded. "Yes, it's Tommy," she said. "He wants to quit school and go into vocational training. We try to tell him that he needs the foundation he's getting now, but it's no use. He says he's just tired of it. Tommy could be almost anything that he chose, if he could only see it."

Kristine remembered how Phil had prized Tommy's ability at figures. "I wish Phil could do something for Tommy," she said. Then she told her old neighbor about Phil's accident. She realized now she should have called Sister Currie as she saw the hurt look on her face. "Things have a way here of just piling up. We don't even have time to telephone, or do the things that used to seem important to us. We have to live so fast, it's like a race."

"I had hoped that Brother Westman could talk to Tommy," said the older woman. "He's such an ideal person, in Tommy's estimation. Just being around him has often helped my boy."

Kristine followed her guest to the door after a few minutes, and, as she took her leave, she half wished that she could bundle her two children and herself into the old model car and ride with her to the house on Juniper Street.

Before Kristine had shut the door, Randolph Barnett, a building contractor came up the walk. Kristine, seeing him, felt a lift to her depressed spirits for he was not only a good contractor, but a good friend of Phil's.

"How's Phil?" Randolph asked, dropping into the lounge chair. "I thought I'd get up to see him today, but a few details got ahead of me," he laughed. "I guess you know how that can happen, being in the same business."

"Only too well," answered Kristine with a smile, but gaining strength from Randolph's calmness. "Phil's going to be all right, Randy," she said with assurance. "He's still nervous and worried about all the work that is piling up around here. There's so much mail, people wanting their work done, some are anxious to get their homes ready to move into — but outside of that Phil feels fine."

"It was a close call," said Randy.

"It was," agreed Kristine, "and

we're very grateful that he's alive and getting well. Of course he'll have to use a cane for some time, and it will be awhile before he can use his broken arm, but those things will mend."

Randy rose and looked around the room. "I'd like Alice to see this view from this window at night," he said going to the wide windows and gazing out on the city. "She thinks this hill property is the choice spot of the town."

"Bring Alice over, Randy," said Kristine. "It's been so long since we've seen either of you. Too long." She followed Randy to the door.

"I'll drop in on Phil in a day or two," said Randy. "Maybe I can help him take care of a few small items like committments, abstracts, some of the problems that come up on the water situation, and save him a lot of running around until he feels up to it."

KRISTINE felt as if half of the burden she had been carrying went out of the house with Randy. As she thought of it, she couldn't remember either him or Alice complaining of the very things that seemed to be sapping her strength and Phil's. Randy and Alice were calm people. They kept to an interesting, even keel of life. They did Church work and had time for socials, for concerts, and they both contributed time to community projects. In a flash Kristine knew it was the contracting business that was sapping her and Phil's energies, because they weren't cut out for contracting. Phil, the teacher, the leader, the pattern maker for molding young lives, had laid aside his talents to assume the responsibilities of a burden, yoked to his unwilling shoulders, unknowingly, and with unforeseen consequences.

THE next day was warm and bright. The baby Anne looked wide-eyed as she sat in her car seat beside Kristine. Kristine drove slowly. She tried to evaluate the situation that lay before her. Phil wasn't up to all the detailed problems that awaited him — problems that would have to be taken care of from a couch, as soon as he came home today. Suddenly, as she stopped at the red signal just before entering State Street, Kristine turned south on the green signal, instead of north. Before she quite realized what she was doing, she found herself driving directly toward the old house on Juniper Street. Before long she was in the driveway.

The house looked old and shabby, the "For Sale" sign hanging on the big elm tree, only adding to the unwanted look. Kristine lifted Anne into her arms and walked around the house to the back yard at the garden's edge. She stood there a moment or two; peace wrapped around her like the warmth of a comforting shawl. The flower beds were weedy and the lawn needed cutting, but here was peace and quiet. The faded brick walls gave a feeling of strength and security.

She hurried through the rooms of the old home. Quite a bit of furniture was still there. The wall-to-wall carpet that she and Phil had bought with such sacrifice still looked good.

A preposterous idea took root in Kristine's mind. In a moment or more the idea seemed the sanest

thing that could happen to Phil and herself. With the baby in her arms, Kristine hurried to the house next door, conscious of the time that was slipping away too fast. Sister Currie answered her knock.

"Why Sister Westman!" exclaimed the older woman.

Kristine laughed happily. "I've just decided that I want to bring my husband here to the old house to recuperate."

Kristine hurried to her home on the hill and filled the car with things she would need, such as bedding, clothing, and other essentials. She picked up David, her six-year-old, then went on to the hospital for Phil.

What a wonderful week followed! What a joy to work around the old familiar scenes. What fun to see Phil his old happy self, and in his weakened condition, laughing, playing with the children, and visiting with neighbors and friends, as he lay on the couch.

Kristine watched the tactful way that Phil handled Tommy. There were long talks on engineering, government positions, and other careers that lay in store for his future. They worked problems in higher mathematics. Phil talked sports, not only to Tommy, but to the other boys on the street, as well, who made a habit of dropping in. He solved little problems for them all. Girls, as well as boys, felt his strength and influence for good, here in the house on Juniper Street.

Kristine liked going to the market. She liked to cook and serve the delicious meals without formality or pretentiousness. It was fun, sharing time and hospitality with old neighbors.

SATURDAY came too soon. Phil was moderately well. Except for the arm in a sling, the limp of the right leg, and the hurting place in his lung, he felt well enough to leave the refuge of the old house to begin work again on the hill project.

The children were in the car and Phil stood on the edge of the lawn, reluctant to leave. He walked deliberately to the sign on the tree and pulled it off, handing it to Kristine. "Souvenir of a good time," he said. "Let's keep the old place. We might need another week to get our bearings when things get rough on the hill."

They drove away as the neighbors waved their goodbyes.

Back at their home, Kristine watched her husband struggling over figures, listening to the problems of sub-contractors, telephoning and interviewing various business associates.

Kristine thought of Randy. She wondered why he hadn't called as he had promised.

It was the middle of the week when his wife, Alice, telephoned to say that Randy had been called to Canada for the illness and death of his father. "But I know he will be along to see Phil, the minute he gets back. You can count on him, Kris. He can always find time to give Phil a lift, until he gets back in trim."

Kristine thanked Alice with all her heart and hopefully went to tell Phil. Phil looked at her with tired eyes. "It would take ten men I believe, to do all that has to be done here before Monday," he said. The paleness of his face worried her, too. "The abstract should be

in Mathews' office, I should be in court tomorrow, and see all these committments. . . ."

* * * * *

FRIDAY evening came. Phil was working when the doorbell rang. When Kristine answered the ring, there stood Sister Currie and Tommy.

"How good of you to come!" exclaimed Kristine.

At her invitation, the two friends came into the living room.

"Tommy would like to help Brother Westman. Being Saturday, he thought there might be small jobs around the house that he can take care of for you," Sister Currie offered.

The tall, lanky boy looked awkwardly about. "I can rake leaves, or clean up your flower beds," he said shyly.

Phil had heard their voices and came limping into the room. "Like old times," he said, extending his hand to the two people. "If you mean you want to work, young fellow, you've certainly come to the right place. I never needed anyone so much in my life. You're a lifesaver, Tom. Come on, I'll show you what I mean." He put an arm on the boy's shoulder, and together, they walked down the hall to the library.

Kristine smiled. That was Phil's way. He made a young person feel that he was needed—that he was special and had a special place to fill.

"Tommy has been like a different person," confided Sister Currie, "ever since you were there. Tommy has worked at his studies. He has never mentioned that he wanted to quit school. I don't think he'll ever want to now."

"Yes, that's what Phil does to young people," said Kristine. "Tommy will go far. You'll see. He has a wonderful mind, and he'll use it."

As they left Tommy promised he would be back soon.

"But what can he do, Phil? This is all so complicated for a boy of his age and with no experience," asked Kristine, standing near Phil's desk.

"Oh, I don't know," said Phil, with a smile on his face. "The boy's a good typist. This is just a sample of some letters he wrote." He handed Kristine a letter that was ready for mailing.

Kristine glanced at the overall neatness of the letter, then, seeing its contents, she gave a delighted little scream. "Phil! It's to the school board of our old district. You're asking for a placement for next fall."

"Don't you think it's about time?" He drew her to the wide picture window. Outside it was dark, and the city lay like a mass of costly jewels. "Remember how that long view intrigued us the first time we looked down there? How sure we were that developing Uncle Charlie's mountain land was going to be the big thrill of our lives?"

"I remember," said Kristine. There was a sadness and a note of regret in her voice as she looked at the twinkling lights. "We thought we were on top of the world with the majesty of those sunsets, and nights like this."

"Well we've had it, Kristine," laughed Phil. "Why, seeing Tom tonight, big as life, just anxious to try that marvelous brain of his on the new science projects, made me feel great, Kris. To know that just

that one short week we spent down on Juniper Street, had changed a boy's life. Just think how many more might be waiting for us to steer them into the right channels for good."

Kristine's face lighted up. "Phil, do you suppose we could get Randy to take over here? All this that we've started?"

"Randy's our man, Kris. This isn't work for him, it's fun. I think he'll be thrilled at the challenge," said Phil.

"And Alice likes the house," said Kristine. "I think Randy does, too."

"We'll lease it to them for the time being, if they want it. We might want to come back, Kris, but for now let's go back to Juniper Street, or some other street down there. We'll take the incline step by step. It's a lot safer." Phil turned to his desk, and Kristine hearing the baby stir, hurried down the hall to the children's rooms.

Her heart was light and gay for the first time in many weeks. She drew the covers up on David as he slept, then went in to see to the baby. One couldn't see so far, on Juniper Street, she thought, but you knew exactly where you stood. She had a warm comforting feeling of security and love, and she knew that was what she wanted more than anything else of life. It was a wonderful feeling!

Bequest

Christie Lund Coles

My bequest, wonder-eyed granddaughter?
A love of sun and wind and water;

A compassionate heart, discerning eye,
Proud courage to turn self-pity by;

A questing and unfrightened spirit;
A love of earth and small things near it;

A sight beyond the steep and farthest hill
Where strength is born, and quietness to still

The being's passing tempest of dismay;
The glistening moments of each common day;

Pity for every hurt and anguished thing;
A smile, swift laughter, and a song to sing;

Faith to keep flesh and spirit reconciled.
The world and stars I give you, small star-child.

You Can Sew— V. Pressing

Jean Ridges Jennings

DID you ever realize that pressing is as important as stitching to the construction of a beautiful garment? Though your basting may be good, your seams and other stitching even better, if you wish your dress to escape that "fireside touch," you must press properly.

Pressing is not just the last thing you do in making a dress to get all the wrinkles out. It is a technique that must be studied and done with care, following set rules.

In the first place, you must know how to press the material at hand. Some cloth requires much heat in pressing while some can stand only a little heat. Some materials will spot when moisture is applied and others require a great deal of moisture in pressing. Before touching an iron to your dress, make a test on a sample seam of your material to determine how hot the iron should be and how much moisture to use.

There are many rules or suggestions one might follow to advantage in doing the pressing that accompanies sewing clothes:

1. Press as you go. Never sew over an unpressed seam. Do not leave the finishing of seams for a final pressing, but press each one before beginning another line of stitching that crosses it. Pressing enables one to work faster and obtain a straighter line. Short seams must be pressed as well as long ones.

2. Do not apply any iron, even a steam iron, direct to the right side of fabrics. Pressing is done on the wrong side of the fabric, with as many seams as possible opened out flat. Fabrics should be protected by a pressing cloth when pressing on the right side.

3. Always press with the grain of the material. Pressing in any other direction pulls garments out of shape.

4. Do not press woolens dry. Remove the iron while the steam is still rising. This keeps the nap from flattening out.

5. Pressing is not ironing. The weight of the iron and steam do the work. Do not push the iron along as you would to smooth out wrinkles. Do not allow the imprint of the iron to appear on the material. Pressing means bringing pressure *down* on seams, hems, and faced parts that require flattening. It is not pressure exerted *across* the fabric.

Adequate equipment is necessary for good pressing. First, have a good iron with a regulator so that it can be adjusted for different types of fabrics.

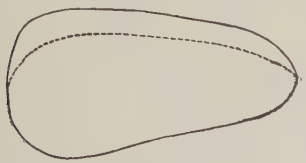
Pressing cloths of the proper weight are helpful. When fabrics require much steam for good pressing, a heavier cloth is advised. Apply moisture to the cloth with a sponge, press, and raise the cloth to allow steam to escape.

If your material needs only a slight amount of moisture and pressure, use a thin cloth, such as cheese cloth that has been moistened and wrung as dry as possible. Apply it to the material and press lightly. This method is good for crepey fabrics.

For materials with a little nap it is advisable to use two cloths, one a heavy, dry one, and a moist one on top. Pin a turkish towel or blanket over a well-padded board for pressing textured fabrics.

PRESSING AIDS

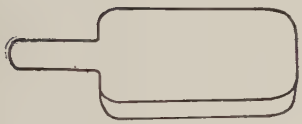
These pressing aids are inexpensive to buy, or they can be made at home. For making a tailer's ham, cut heavy muslin or drill in the shape of a ham and stuff it firmly with sawdust or rags. The press mitt may be made from heavy material and stuffed with cotton. A flat clothes brush will serve as a clapper or beater, and a pounding board may be made from a block of wood.



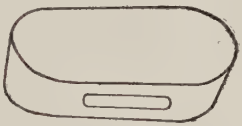
Tailor's Ham

Press Mit

For Pressing Curved Surfaces



Clapper or Beater



Pounding Board

For Use In Pressing and Flattening Collars, Lapels, and Other Faced Edges

Velvets and other pile fabrics require steaming or the use of a needle board which elevates the fabric on wires.

The use of a good firm brush helps to preserve a soft look.

Every woman should have a sleeve board. It is invaluable for pressing narrow articles.

A tailor's ham and press mitt are available to everyone and are useful in pressing curved and shaped sections, shoulders, and sleeve caps.

Press darts over a tailor's ham to obtain the required curve. Darts at the shoulder are pressed toward the neckline. Those at the back of the neck, the waistline, and hip are pressed to the center.

A pounding board or a beater is ideal for pressing thick places, such as the edges of lapels and collars, or other faced edges. It applies pressure without flattening the nap. In using it, press moisture into the material with a press cloth, and while steam is still in the cloth, apply pressure with the block of wood. This flattens the seam, makes a sharp edge, but does not leave the mark of the seam on the outside. The back of a flat clothes brush can often serve as a pounding board.

A really well-made dress should not reveal on the outside the signs of the inner workings. With many materials it is extremely difficult to press without transferring impressions of seams, hems, etc. Strips of paper inserted under each edge of a seam and under the top of a hem for the original press will keep the

marks of the edges from showing through to the right side. This is especially useful on such materials as taffeta, satin, and other flat-surfaced fabrics.

The bottom of the hem should be pressed to give a firm true hemline before marking the width of the hem and again after the final sewing. Always press a hem from the bottom up, never around the bottom of the skirt.

Mother Made Buckskin Gloves

Alice R. Rich

AS I traveled the highway today, I passed a county road that led into a dairy farm. In the rutted dust lay a battered work glove, crushed by heavy wheels and stained and bleached by rains and sun. Regardless of its sorry condition, it awakened in me a vivid and lovely memory of my childhood home and my pioneer mother who excelled in glovemaking. Like many of the early settlers called to far-off outposts, my mother found ways and means to look after her own large household and to supplement the family income, as everyone, of necessity, had either to make or grow most of what they wore or ate.

Wandering families of Indians, probably of the Piede Tribe, visited our little village yearly with tanned buckskins to trade for food and clothing. These sturdy hides my mother bought and with them made an improvised tent, and gave them a light smoking with a slow fire made from dried corncobs.

Buckskins are soft, but tough and long-wearing if kept dry. Gloves made from them make wonderful protection for hard-working hands. The basic pattern had two parts: 1. The front and back piece, with the four front and back fingers attached, was folded at the outside of the index finger. 2. A thumbpiece cut separately from the hand piece. Between the fingers strips of material called gussets were sewed. They tapered from points, at the tip of each finger, to a strip the width of the respective fingers at the base. From there they continued up to the top of each finger tip. The thumb piece folded at the fore part of the thumb, and was sewed to the hand piece with a narrow strip or string of the hide to give extra strength for wear.

For this work Mother used a special needle that had a three-sided file point to ease it through the tough hide. (All the stitching in glovemaking was handwork.) She used a heavy linen thread that was drawn several times through a cake of beeswax to give it greater strength and to ease it through the two and sometimes three thicknesses of skin. The sewing of glove seams was a slow process; the stitches must be close together, they must be deep enough to hold against the hard usage they met in the pioneering activities of wresting a livelihood from the untamed elements. The seams, too, must be smooth against the hand, and the thread must be well fastened

without hard knots. When the sewing was all finished and a wrist band attached, the glove was inside out. Then came the turning which was a process all by itself.

A hand-whittled wood turner, worn smooth and shiny by much use, was always kept handy in the sewing basket. It was a slim tapering willow stick just smaller than the glove finger with a cone-shaped hole hollowed out in the end. This was inserted into the glove finger and a second smaller stick pressed the unturned end into the cone. With careful and persistent pressure down over the larger stick, finger by finger, the glove was turned right side out. This was a slow and not an easy task, but it was most rewarding to see a finished product so useful and so substantial emerge from what was once a jagged piece of tanned hide. From the time that I was a young child, I was trusted with this small bit of home manufacturing. Today, I can recall some of the thrilling pioneering incidents mother told me as I sat and helped her.

Mother's skill in glovemaking was not confined to use by family men only. She used only good material, her measurements were carefully made, her workmanship was honest and good, and many were the hands that were warmed and protected by her industrious labors. Cattle ranchers, well diggers, wood haulers, fence makers, hay and grain harvesters, and countless other laborers have blessed her for the comfort they knew through her skill.

Today, one of the sweetest memories I have is a picture that comes to me of a wide fireplace and a burning backlog warming a family group, with mother as a central figure, her hands busy making buckskin gloves.

From the Old Days

Grace Barker Wilson

This is the place we used to ford the stream
With horses and wagon. If the day was dry
It was no task. But if the stream was high
From mountain rains, it was a thrill supreme
To feel the wagon shake, and watch the team
In battle with the current. What a sigh
We gave when safe across. To simplify
Our progress, then we walked what now would seem
Unthinkable in effort up a hill.
Sometimes we even pushed to help along
The load, or raced each other to the top.
Now in this place, the highway makes a fill;
The bridge that spans the stream is high and strong.
Cars pass, and no adventures make them stop!

Clara Scoville Ware Crochets Exquisite Designs

CLARA Scoville Ware, Salt Lake City, Utah, specializes in making doilies and other crocheted articles in equisite and unusual designs. She is an expert with the crochet hook and does her work rapidly and well, with even stitches and a smooth blending of the patterns. She has given away to relatives and friends hundreds of pieces of crocheting, and she always has many lovely gifts on hand for birthdays and Christmas. She also makes various kinds of rugs which adorn her own home and the homes of her friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Ware was born in 1874 in Mt. Pleasant and was married in 1891 to Samuel Ware in the Manti Temple. She is the mother of seven children of her own, and a granddaughter whom she reared. She has twenty-four grandchildren and forty-two great-grandchildren. Her devoted service to Relief Society has extended over many years. She was a visiting teacher for forty years, and has been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for forty years. Mrs. Ware is a widow and lives alone. She takes care of herself and does her own housework from a wheel chair to which she has been confined for the last five years.

Erratum

Canadian Mission *Magazine* Honor Roll Percentages for 1957

Attention is called to the correct figures for this report:

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Canadian Mission	578	560	97	Leah H. Lewis

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 7

Synopsis: Carol Wilson, an artist on the staff of a magazine edited by Brent Gibson, went to Wyoming to attend the funeral of her sister Elizabeth. She felt a deep sympathy for the motherless children and decided to go back to them, however, she found them well cared for. Fred, Carol's brother-in-law, had become interested in a neighbor, Dolly Graham, and Dolly's brother Tony declared his love for Carol. Brent Gibson telephoned, asking Carol to return to the city to make the illustrations for a serial story. After the work was completed, Carol went back to Wyoming for a vacation. Tony took her on many excursions, and their regard for each other deepened. Finally, Brent Gibson went to the Wyoming ranch to see Carol.

WHEN Tony dropped in at Fred's next day and found Brent Gibson on the porch with Carol, he looked accusingly at the girl.

"So this is why you wouldn't go on a picnic with me yesterday!" he complained.

Carol, unaccountably gay, laughed. "Don't be silly, Tony! I had no idea Brent was coming up here."

"But you're glad! Mighty glad!"

"Of course I'm glad. Brent's my boss, and I had suggested that he come here for his vacation. It's always reassuring to have your boss act upon your suggestions!"

"I wish he'd gone some place else!" Tony grumbled.

Brent was staying at a nearby dude ranch, but Fred and Dolly welcomed him to the happy family circle so cordially that he spent most of his time at the ranch house. He was included, of course, in all their picnics and excursions.

Elizabeth's children were enchanted with Brent. They swarmed over him. Carol remembered how he had been with her other nieces and nephews last Christmas, and, as then, her heart was warmed by the man's complete understanding of the child mind. Tony was wonderful with them, too, but with Brent there was an intangible something that was different. It was almost as if the children felt an invisible arm around them, protecting them, while they romped.

He ought to have children of his own, Carol thought, watching the group one afternoon. If he'd only forget that first love of his, he could find someone who would appreciate him. He didn't look or act like the type of man who would devote his life to nursing a dream, but you never could tell with that silent kind.

Carol let her thoughts wander to the kind of woman Brent Gibson might choose, if he ever did choose a wife. But she drew back from actually visualizing her. There's no one good enough, she told herself angrily. Then she shook herself mentally.

Of course you're fond of Brent—he's been mighty good to you, kind and understanding—a wonderful boss. And you ought to be generous enough to want his happiness, she told herself, being stern and honest. Then, oh, I do! I do want his happiness! But, oh, Brent, why did you have to let me know that you were not really happy? If we

could only be as we were a year ago—before Elizabeth's death. Then we were calm and happy and busy with our work, untroubled by thoughts of homes and motherless children and long lost loves!

It was only when Carol was alone that her thoughts churned like this. When she was riding the hills between Brent and Tony, when she was frying flapjacks over a campfire for their activated appetites, when they were clambering up steep slopes or exploring dark caves, Carol was untroubled and happy. She felt gay and competent, and a little excited by the thought that two men were dancing attendance upon her. It was the first time she had been in a position to be a coquette, probably because she had been too busy, first with family responsibilities and then with her job. It was a pleasing, exhilarating situation, and Carol permitted herself to enjoy it to the full. And all the time, she was conscious of Fred and Dolly Graham, intent upon each other, moving inevitably toward marriage.

THEY went one day, the whole crowd of them, to explore an Indian cave at the foot of Buck Mountain. It would be a three-day trip, and with the food, tents, and equipment, there was going to be too much, even for the commodious station wagon. Tony glanced across the yard at his convertible.

"Look, Carol! Why don't you and I go in the convertible? It would give the others more room."

Carol was perplexed for a moment. She glanced involuntarily at Brent.

Brent came toward them. "That's a good idea, Tony. And maybe Becky and I had better climb in with you two. What say, Becky, my girl?"

Becky danced up and down, entranced with the idea. It was rather a new experience for the quiet little girl to be singled out, and Brent's attention had made her blossom like a bright little flower.

Tony was not to be circumvented so easily. "That will make us even more crowded than the station wagon," he objected. "Maybe you two better go with the family."

"Oh, we don't mind!" Brent was perfectly composed. "Becky can sit on my lap — or, if it will be more comfortable for you, Tony, she can sit between us and I'll hold Carol."

"No, you don't!" Tony glared at the suggestion.

Oh! Oh! Carol thought, now they're coming out into the open. Tony fighting for a wife—Brent determined to rescue his artist. Well, I don't know that I want to be rescued. An impish impulse moved her.

"You're so good with the children, Brent," she said cheerfully. "Maybe you'd better ride in the station wagon and keep some sort of order in the back seat!"

Brent shrugged, his expression shuttered. "Okay, if that's what you want. We don't crowd in where we're not desired, do we, Beck?" He picked the child up and gently tossed her into the station wagon. He climbed in after her.

Carol's heart began to beat painfully. That was a mean trick! Why had she done that to Brent? Put him in with a carful of youngsters — no responsibility of his — while she went riding off with Tony.

Tony was delighted. He grinned down at Carol with a possessiveness he had never before shown. "Well, we'll have a picnic, whether old Brent does or not!" he exulted.

"I shouldn't have done that, Tony! I don't know what possessed me. It wasn't nice."

"I'll say it wasn't!" Tony agreed cheerfully. "But he sort of deserved it, coming up here when everything was running so smoothly. He came up on purpose, too, to keep me from cutting him out."

"Oh, Tony! Cutting him out! He never had such a thought! Brent Gibson is interested in me only because I'm a good artist. I've really done things for the magazine, and he doesn't want to lose me."

"Okay!" Tony agreed. "Keep on thinking that way, honey. In the meantime, remember that I am not your boss — I don't give a darn about your art — it is you, I am after, and I am frank to admit it." Then, very soberly, "You know I'm in earnest about this, don't you, Carol?"

CAROL didn't answer. One little phrase had caught her ear, only one: "I don't give a darn about your art." That was honest, at any rate. But couldn't Tony see that if he didn't care about her art he didn't care about the real Carol at all? Tony, so sensitive, so understanding in most things, was dismissing her painting as if it were something that didn't count in her life—something that could be tossed out of the window in exchange for a wedding ring. He didn't see that it was a vital part of her which would enrich the lives of all those she loved — husband and children most of all — if only she cherished it and used it for their good. And suddenly, violently, Carol wished she were back in the station wagon with Brent and the children.

Tony took plenty of time driving to the prearranged campsite, so they arrived some time after the others. In fact, Brent and Fred had got the tents up, and Dolly and Kathy were busy with getting the dinner, while Steve was valiantly carrying dry wood to keep the fire burning. Carol was vexed, with both Tony and herself. She knew that they had cheated on the others; that they should have been on hand to help with the children and the setting up of the camp. She was honest enough to blame herself for their dereliction. She could easily enough have avoided this.

Her embarrassment was heightened by the cordial good nature with which the early arrivals greeted them. She knew they were all too well-bred, even the children, to make an issue of the little episode, but she felt that she and Tony deserved some sort of silent treatment. To make up for her truancy, she set to work helping Dolly with an excess of energy that should have made the older woman smile.

So, in spite of the little escapade, the day ended pleasantly enough, with stories around the campfire and an early climbing into sleeping bags to be ready for the dawn.

There was a long climb to the cave, so breakfast was eaten in the chilly air before sunup. As soon as the camp had been straightened up, they all set out. Fred had been there before, so he led the way. The others strung along behind him, or clambered as near to his side as

possible, for Fred was telling some amusing anecdotes about his former visit to the cave. Amusing and thrilling the stories were, for Fred and his companion, Bishop Glover's son Dave, had met a big black bear and had had an exciting brush with the huge creature. It had been a close shave, but the young men had won out.

"That black bear rug in front of the living-room fireplace is the result!" Fred ended his account triumphantly.

"I hope we see a big black bear!" Stevie said bravely. "I'd sure like to meet up with an old, big black bear!"

"Not me!" Carol exclaimed, laughing. "No black bears for me. I wouldn't mind a bear rug, though."

"Maybe there'll be a big black bear hiding around here somewheres, but you don't need to be scared. If I find one, I'll yell for Daddy, and he can protect you, Aunt Carol."

"Well, just don't go looking for trouble," Fred cautioned. "You stay with the group and we'll all be fine, bear or no bear."

THE climb to the mouth of the cave took most of the morning, and the hikers paused for lunch before entering the wide orifice. Inside, they found that it was light enough to explore without flashlights. The sun shone down through some narrow clefts in the rocky roof and showed a long, twisting room. That it had been occupied at some distant time was obvious from the shards of pottery, fragments of fiber, and other debris. But it was also obvious that there was nothing of importance left.

"I suppose hundreds of local folks have searched through here since my visit," Fred said, looking about him. "But it's worth seeing, anyway. The children can get an idea of the sort of caves the Indians lived in, and, who knows, they might find something!"

The children scattered through the cavern, picking up the pottery shards, bright rocks, anything that appealed to their collector's instinct.

Tony watched them, amused at their intent search. "It's been stripped," he said to Carol. "I doubt if they'll find even one arrowhead, though such a find would certainly tickle them!"

"Maybe there's a secret room somewhere that nobody else has ever found. And maybe it's filled with treasure . . ." Stevie was saying.

"You find a secret room filled with treasure and tell me about it," Tony whispered conspiratorily. "We'll divide it between us!"

"Okay, Uncle Tony!" Steve agreed, and scampered away toward the other children.

They made a thorough search of the rocky room, which extended back into the mountainside in an irregular tunnel. Here and there large rocks had fallen to the floor, and the children climbed up on these, having a wonderful, even though scarcely remunerative, time.

But, finally, Fred glanced at his watch, decided it was time to start back to the campsite, and blew the whistle he used to summon the children. They came scampering, and Fred said, "Time to start back, folks! All out into the open!" He

turned and made for the cave's mouth.

THE others followed, loosely bunched, the children lagging behind. Now and then one of them darted aside to pick up some bit of treasure that had been overlooked. They were all chattering, laughing, comparing finds. The adults came out of the cave first, and stood blinking in the brilliant sunshine after the subdued light in the cave.

Trudy ran out, holding up a bit of flint. "This is too an arrowhead, isn't it, Daddy?" she demanded.

Fred took the tiny object and examined it. "It certainly is, Trudy. Those pretty eyes of yours must have kept a sharp lookout to find it."

The others crowded around, peering at the small, shaped bit of stone, complimenting Trudy on her diligence in finding it.

Fred looked over the group. "Where's Steve?"

Kathy motioned vaguely toward the interior of the cave. "Back there."

Fred blew his whistle again, but there was no answering rush of feet. He stepped to the cave entrance, and shouted, "Steve! Come along! We want to go!"

There was no answer.

"I'll get him," Brent volunteered, and stepped back into the cave, calling, "Steve, old man! Come along!"

Steve was nowhere in sight. Brent hurried to the very end of the cave, where a band of sunlight lay across the rocky floor, showing a break in the ledge beneath which the shelter lay. He looked up through the dancing sunbeams, but the opening seemed too small and too vertical to have been a way of egress for the boy. Brent went back outside.

"He's not in there. Are you sure he didn't come out and start on down the hill?"

"No, he didn't come out," Fred answered. "I was the first one out and he never passed me. He must be inside."

Simultaneously, all three of the men stepped back into the cave, Fred blowing his whistle impatiently.

"He said he was going to find a secret room," Kathy offered slowly, "but I told him there wasn't any."

Above the child's head the eyes of Carol and Dolly Graham met. Their glance held, and as they stood there the vague annoyance they had felt coalesced into cold fear.

(To be concluded)

Night Flight

Pansye H. Powell

Carried on silver wings through milk-mist night,
I ride this giant bird in peaceful flight,
Trusting my pilot's knowledge of the way.

And thus my migrant soul on wings of death,
Floating beyond our bourne of time and breath,
Will trust a greater Pilot's skill some day.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

Photograph submitted by Gertrude M. Richards

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), GROVE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS "MEMORY BOOK," March 11, 1958

Front row, left to right: Martha A. Larsen as Amy Brown Lyman; Susan H. Church as Emmeline B. Wells; Eva K. Randall as Louise Y. Robison; Mary B. Jorgensen as Clarissa S. Williams.

Back row, left to right: Jennett B. Mills as Zina D. H. Young; Mary S. Harper as Emma Hale Smith; Arvilla C. Harvey as Belle Smith Spafford; Fern E. Smith as Bathsheba W. Smith; Lola R. Bullock as Eliza R. Snow.

This unique program was presented as part of the observance of the Relief Society anniversary.

Gertrude M. Richards is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vera H. Peart

EAST CACHE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 30, 1958

Seated at the piano is Rebecca Daines, stake organist; Thelma Lundquist is seated at the organ.

Front row, center, seated, left to right: Anna Jean Skidmore, guest conductor from the Twentieth Ward; Glenna B. Crookston, conductor; Vera H. Peart, President, East Cache Stake Relief Society; Claris F. Felix, First Counselor. Absent when the picture was taken, Second Counselor Maria B. Campbell and Secretary Jessie Seamons.

Photograph submitted by Iris B. Brown

SAN BERNARDINO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), FONTANA WARD ANNIVERSARY LUNCHEON, March 11, 1958

Left to right: Fern Roberts, Secretary; Letitia Henderson, President; Marie Sled, Work Director Counselor; Gwen Ray, Education Counselor.

Iris B. Brown is president of San Bernardino Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Evalyn B. White

MESA STAKE (ARIZONA), MESA SECOND WARD FORMER PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1958

Front row, seated, left to right: Edna Peel; Zelma Miller; Lucretia Pomeroy; Adelaide Peterson; Maude Haws.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vilate Cardon, present President; Mary Riggs; Inga Smith; Louise LeSueur; Ruth Brundage; Hilda Porter; Hariette Stradling; Lisania Brimhall; Lora Hancock.

Evalyn B. White, President, Mesa Stake Relief Society, reports: "All former presidents of the ward were honored. Included in this group is the ward's first president, Lucretia Pomeroy, appointed to her position in 1912. Tribute was paid to each of the thirteen former presidents in attendance, by a loved one, son, daughter, or grandchild. Lovely musical numbers were featured. It was an inspiring program. After the program refreshments were served. Mrs. Ched W. Christopherson, another former president, was out of town and unable to be present."

Photograph submitted by Ruby M. Dobbins

PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, January 31, 1958

The organist Jean Conrad and chorister Ann Thomas are standing at the right in the second row.

Ruby M. Dobbins, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, reports: "Unfortunately the picture was taken at a time which proved to be inconvenient for a large

number to be present. Our Singing Mothers contributed much to our Visiting Teachers Convention. The convention was preceded by a lovely luncheon served to almost two hundred visiting teachers. Many were honored for outstanding service. We have had many assurances that the convention was inspiring to the visiting teachers, and we sincerely trust that it did much to encourage them in their important callings."

This chorus also presented music for Stake Quarterly Conference, March 9, 1958. There are 134 Singing Mothers in Palo Alto Stake.

Photograph submitted by Hazel S. Love

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SHASTA DISTRICT, TRINITY BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY DINNER, March 18, 1958

Seated in front, left to right: Bernice Winters; Elder Francis Winters, President, Trinity Branch; Jean Taylor, President, Trinity Branch Relief Society; Viola Roylance, First Counselor; Josephine Archibald, Second Counselor; Verda Dallon, Secretary.

Hazel S. Love, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society, reports that this group has been organized less than two years, and "is doing an outstanding job in keeping this little branch together and creating a feeling of love and harmony in the branch . . . they are doing everything in their power to follow the outline of the Relief Society organization. Their growth in numbers as well as in efficiency is commendable." The picture shows the dinner sponsored by the Relief Society and attended by sixty-seven people.

Where Jesus Walked

Remelda Nielsen Gibson

Where Jesus walked the deaf were made to hear,
The blind were shown the beauties of the earth;
The crippled and the sick were healed. Each place
Where Jesus softly walked, the wondrous worth
Of faith and trust and truth was prevalent—
The principles of love were kindly taught.
Where Jesus walked his followers revered
Each humble action and each holy thought!

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 9—". . . He That Hath Eternal Life Is Rich" (D & C 11:7)

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 11:7; 14)

For Tuesday, October 7, 1958

Objective: "And, if you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God" (D & C 14:7).

(Note: The text of this lesson from Section 11 is also found in Section 6 which was studied last year (Lesson 7). The material for Lesson 9 is so voluminous that the rest of Section 11 will be discussed as a part of next month's lesson.)

Background of the Main Text

IN their historical background, Sections 6 and 11 do not differ very much because each revelation was given to "beginners" in their understanding of the Gospel Plan. Understanding this fact will assist one to appreciate the idea in this lesson concerning the text which follows:

> Seek not for riches but for wisdom; and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich (D & C 11:7).

The Church was not yet organized, but, as sincere seekers for truth, Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith were anxious to understand their place in the unfolding of the marvelous work which was to be accomplished by the Lord through his servant Joseph Smith. Later the Lord made known that those associated with the Prophet had accomplished many things for themselves as well as for others. (See D & C 1:17-30.)

The Place of Wealth in the Gospel

As we study verse 7 of Section 11, it seems appropriate for us to ask if material riches should be shunned by Latter-day Saints in order to live the life demanded in the gospel. What place does wealth or property have in the Gospel Plan? Every Latter-day Saint recognizes the need for providing sufficient of this world's wealth for himself and for his family. We are under obligation to do this providing. It seems almost an unnecessary task to tell Relief Society members that the material things about us are of value. The temporal riches of this world

are provided by an all-wise Father that we might sustain ourselves.

For, behold, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that which cometh of the earth, is ordained for the use of man for food and for raiment, and that he might have in abundance (D & C 49:19).

The great Welfare Plan, in which you sisters take such an important part, certainly points up the need for concern about this world's goods. This activity for those in need gives you a rich opportunity to serve your fellow man.

So important is the emphasis of The Book of Mormon upon temporal matters, that Amulek admonished those of his day to "cry [pray] unto" the Lord over the crops and flocks of the fields, that the people might prosper in them. (See Alma 34:24, 25.)

One's temporal welfare is of such importance that President Joseph F. Smith declared:

It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints that a religion that has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and to exalt them in the life to come (*The Welfare Plan*, Albert E. Bowen, page 36).

It seems quite clear from these few ideas that riches are not to be shunned by Latter-day Saints, but rather that they have a definite place in the Lord's purposes for man. Actually, the line of separation between the temporal and the spiritual is so indefinite in the sight of the Lord that a distinction should not be attempted. (See D & C 29:34, 35; Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, 6th Edition, page 70.)

An Evaluation of Wealth

As stated in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* (Revised Edition), the important message to be remembered is that:

. . . Our Lord does not object to his people's being rich. It all depends on how they obtain wealth and how they use it. Wealth obtained by dishonesty and oppression is a curse. Wealth, used . . . for the furtherance of His kingdom is a means of eternal exaltation (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 208).

The riches of this earth should be a means to an end. When considered from the point of view of eternity, which is the only true criterion, riches are designed for the building up of the kingdom of God and its members. The Lord is truly the owner of all temporal possessions and we are but stewards. (See D & C 104:13-17.)

What Is Wisdom?

To seek for wealth solely for the sake of satisfying one's pride, ambition, desire for power or for worldly pleasures, or other reasons for purposes inconsistent with gospel aims, is a barrier to a Latter-day Saint's spiritual welfare. On the other hand, wisdom, which is a gift of the Holy Ghost (See D & C 46:17, 18), is to be sought. Wisdom is the application of gospel principles into one's life. Knowledge without such application will lead to disappointment and loss of the "crown of righteousness."

The wise person is he who learns the will of the Lord and then does it.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding (Prov. 4:7).

Otto Done

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER NEAR HARMONY, PENNSYLVANIA

(The Revelation, Section 11 of The Doctrine and Covenants, was given at Harmony, Pennsylvania, in May 1829)

O, remember, my son, and learn wisdom in thy youth; yea, learn in thy youth to keep the commandments of God (Alma 37:35).

As one draws close to the Lord through prayer and righteous conduct, together with study of the scriptures, there comes the power to discriminate between the true and the spurious.

Are the "Mysteries" to Be Left Alone?

What is the Lord's promise to those who seek wisdom? He has said that the "mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you." And yet, how many of us have heard over the years the advice to leave the mysteries alone? The Prophet Joseph Smith said:

. . . Declare the first principles, and let mysteries alone, lest ye be overthrown. Never meddle with the visions of beasts and subjects you do not understand (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 292).

We should keep in mind that there are mysteries which should not concern us. When the Lord is willing to open some of his treasures of knowledge beyond what is already understandable, he will do so. Until then, however, let us keep within the framework which he has established. To go outside of these confines in attempting to learn of things which do not directly apply to our salvation is productive of contention and a loss of faith.

In view of this advice from the Prophet, why should the Lord promise Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith that the mysteries of his kingdom would be made known to them? The answer is probably

found in the fact that these men had just begun to learn about some of the Lord's purposes. Their understanding of the Lord's purposes was like that of a child. They had to grow and develop in this work.

Through Whom the "Mysteries" Are Made Known

Actually the "mysteries of God" are unfolded to men by divine revelation through the prophets. (See Eph. 1:9, 10; I Nephi 1:1; D & C 76:12, 114.) Some of these "mysteries" are not to be made known until the people are ready to receive them. It was not until late in Joseph Smith's life that revelations concerning the temple work and ordinances relating to the dead were made known to the membership of the Church. (See D & C 124, 128.) Germane to this point is Joseph Smith's statement:

> The Lord deals with this people as a tender parent with a child, communicating light and intelligence and the knowledge of his ways as they can bear it (*D. H. C.* V:402).

The principle just stated applies not only to the membership of the Church as a whole, but also to the individual. As one grows in understanding of the gospel through his obedience, more is made known to him. This was true in the days of the Savior as it is today. (See Mt. 13:10-13; D & C 42:65, 66.) What may be a "mystery" to one person may not be to another. It depends upon the "heed and diligence" which one gives to the words of the prophets. (See Alma 12:9-11.)

Consistent with what has already been given, one can readily understand that not all of the Lord's mysteries have been revealed. In fact, great blessings of knowledge are a part of the eternal plan that is known by Latter-day Saints as eternal progression. In these words the Lord has given a promise to his faithful saints: "And to them I will reveal all mysteries, yea, all the hidden mysteries of my kingdom . . ." (D & C 76:7).

What Eternal Life Is

If one receives the blessing of the faithful, he will be rich, for his reward is eternal life. But what is eternal life? It is more than immortality or the enjoyment of unending conscious existence. The resurrection or immortality is for everyone who is born into mortality.

If we seek for the riches of the kingdom of God, walking in obedience to the commandments, the Lord has promised us that we shall receive the mysteries of God and then we shall receive eternal life. If, on the other hand, we seek the riches of the earth as opposed to the wisdom of following the commandments of the Lord, we shall lose the greatest of all blessings—eternal life.

Application of the Text

How does our text (D & C 11:7) apply to the members of the Church?

First, we learn that we should prepare early in life to learn the things of God.

Second, preparation for eternal life is a slow process.

> *When you climb up a ladder, you must begin at the bottom, and ascend step by step, until you arrive at the top; and so it is with the principles of the Gospel —*

you must begin with the first, and go on until you learn all the principles of exaltation. But it will be a great while after you have passed through the veil before you will have learned them. It is not all to be comprehended in this world; it will be a great work to learn our salvation *and exaltation even beyond the grave . . .* (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* page 348).

Third, in the process of being saved or exalted, it is necessary that one study the gospel of Jesus Christ. (See D & C 131:6; 130:18, 19.)

Fourth, we are to acquire wisdom through "study by faith," prayer, humility, and the wise application of knowledge. A testimony of the gospel is a necesary part of this process of salvation.

Fifth, among the "mysteries of God" for the faithful are the higher ordinances of the gospel. These ordinances are received in the temples of the Lord.

The necessity of receiving these sacred ordinances was expressed by the Prophet Joseph Smith in these words:

> What was the object of gathering the Jews, or the people of God in any age of the world? . . .
>
> The main object was to build unto the Lord a house whereby He could reveal unto His people the ordinances of His house and the glories of His kingdom, and teach the people the way of salvation; for there are certain ordinances and principles that, when they are taught and practiced, must be done in a place or house built for that purpose. . . .
>
> If a man gets a fulness of the priesthood of God, he has to get it in the same way that Jesus Christ obtained it, and that was by keeping all the commandments and obeying all the ordinances of the house of the Lord. . . .
>
> All men who become heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ will have to receive the fulness of the ordinances of his kingdom; and those who will not receive all the ordinances will come short of the fulness of that glory, if they do not lose the whole (*D. H. C.* V:423-424. See also D & C 124:28, 37-42; 42-61).

Sixth, in order to obtain eternal life one must obey the leaders of the Church. Concerning this fact, Joseph Smith said:

> . . . I advise all to go on to perfection, and search deeper and deeper into the mysteries of Godliness. A man can do nothing for himself unless God direct him in the right way; and the Priesthood is for that purpose (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith,* page 364.)

Section 14

The superscription indicates that at the time this revelation was received the Prophet had gone to the Peter Whitmer farm at Fayette, New York, where he completed the work of translation of The Book of Mormon.

An incident is related by David Whitmer in connection with his preparations in bringing the Prophet Joseph Smith to his father's home. It is as follows:

> Soon after this [the arrival of a letter from Oliver Cowdery] Joseph sent for me to come to Harmony to get him and Oliver, to bring them to my father's house. I did not know what to do. I was pressed with my work. I had some twenty acres to plow, so I concluded I would finish plowing and then go. I got up one morning to go to work as usual, and on going to the field, found between 5 and 7 acres of my ground had been plowed during the night. I do not know who did it, but it was done just as I would have done it myself, and the plow was left standing in the furrow (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary,* page 73).

The objective of this lesson is taken from Section 11, verse 7—eternal life is the greatest of all God's gifts.

(D & C 29:43; Moses 1:39). In Section 14, verse 7 the Lord seems to be warning David Whitmer of the need to endure to the end. This admonition seems appropriate in view of his being a special witness to The Book of Mormon and his subsequent excommunication from the Church on April 13, 1838 (verse 8). He was to assist in the bringing forth of the ". . . fulness of my gospel . . . unto the house of Israel" (verse 10).

Questions for Discussion

1. Have you memorized Section 11:7?
2. In May 1831, what did the Lord say could be accomplished by the brethren who had accepted the gospel? (1:17-30)
3. What place does wealth have in the plan of salvation?
4. What do you consider the fundamental purpose of riches in the hands of a Latter-day Saint?
5. Name ways in which the text of this lesson applies to us as members.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 9—"Yea, Whosoever Will Thrust in His Sickle and Reap, the Same Is Called of God" (D & C 14:4).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 7, 1958

Objective: To show that both through active Church work and through selfless service to others, we can all help in the Lord's work.

THIS message is of such significance that it appears many times in The Doctrine and Covenants. Although the revelation seems to make special reference to formal missionary activity in the Church, still it has a message for every one of us. Although few of us receive official missionary calls, each of us should consider himself a missionary in the service of God.

The Lord has need of willing servants who have an earnest desire to thrust in their sickles and reap, and when he finds such a person ". . . the same is called of God." However, the message in The Doctrine and Covenants (14:4) is not meant to be interpreted that anyone who has the desire can, of his own will, assume authority and responsibility in the Church. There needs to be order in all things, and the Lord has clearly established the organization pattern through which he bestows his authority. Those who hold formal positions and actively participate in Church service, must be called by the proper authority. There are times, however, when some of us cannot hold a formal Church position. For example, some sisters are homebound, others are mothers of very small children. Still these sisters can, if they have an earnest desire, share in the joy of thrusting in their sickles in the work of the Lord. They can make

their influence felt as a tower of strength in the lives of those around them by setting lofty examples in their every word, thought, and deed.

One young mother, who longed to perform Church service but who, while her children were young, found it difficult actively to participate in Church work, received joy and satisfaction in performing various thoughtful and kind deeds. For example, she would take a loaf of newly baked bread to a homebound sister, or she would wash and iron the clothing of a sister who was ill.

Another Latter-day Saint sister who has been confined to her bed with a crippling illness for thirty years, has learned how to thrust in her sickle. Although in pain most of the time, she has not let this torment affect her sunny disposition. Because of her cheerfulness, people more fortunate than she often seek her out to gain solace in their afflictions. Frequently, people cluster around her bed while she inspires them with words of wisdom and truth.

The Lord is aware of such service. Although these sisters are not called to official positions, still they are thrusting in their sickles in performing works for the Lord and, as such, they shall receive their rewards.

On the other hand, those of us who are able, should accept any Church position to which we are called. It is a rare privilege and an opportunity to hold a position in the Church. When we honor a Church position and faithfully try to fill it to the best of our ability, we not only are helping in the Lord's work but we are reaping benefits ourselves. Talents freely used in the service of the Lord grow and multiply, and we become capable of rendering an even greater service. The Lord has promised us that if we heed the call to serve in his Church, we ". . . shall be blessed both spiritually and temporally, and great shall be your reward . . ." (D & C 14:11).

Whether in active participation in Church work or by rendering the selfless personal service we can, the Lord extends to us an invitation to thrust in our sickles and reap. He who willingly and wholeheartedly accepts this invitation will reap rich satisfaction and abundant joy, and shall ". . . treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God" (D & C 14:3).

Gathering Driftwood

Maude Rubin

Too young to know that life's span, memory-thinned,
Lives only as a moment's sweet desire,
We laughed together, leaning in the wind,
Gathering driftwood for our evening fire. . . .
Now evening's come—kneel down and strike the spark,
Let memory flower in flame against the dark!

Work Meeting—Managing a Home

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 1—Homemaking Is the Administrative Side of Family Living

Vesta Barnett

For Tuesday, October 14, 1958

Objective: To show the importance of the vocation "housewife" and emphasize the many skills involved in the business of managing a home.

"I'M just a housewife" was the identifying remark made by an attractive woman on a television show the other evening. After a few moments questioning, we learned she is the wife of an outstanding, successful business man, the mother of five healthy, happy children, does her own housework, is active in her church, has a position in the local P.T.A., serves on the library board, belongs to a social club, and is "room mother" for the second grade class at a school.

Just a housewife, indeed! But our lady of the T. V. program is typical of many women who seem to feel they must apologize for this important vocation. If any career woman in the world has a right to be proud of what she does, it is the housewife. As general manager in the home, she is the family administrator who keeps at her fingertips the many threads of family living. She is a wife to her husband, a mother to her children, a person in her own right, a contributing member of the community. She needs to be an expert at dovetailing her activities. She needs to be flexible in order to adjust to changing conditions. She must keep ever before her a clear picture of what is most important to her and her family.

The home manager directs the family in analyzing and solving problems. The wise home manager does not feel she must carry the weight of the home entirely on her shoulders. She invites family cooperation, encouraging the entire group to analyze everyday problems which arise and plan for their solution. In doing this, her role as general manager is most rewarding. She and her family have a strong feeling of belonging together that makes home a happier place to be than any other.

The home manager's job involves planning. All homemakers who manage well plan and organize. Some women plan the week's work while they wash the breakfast dishes or iron a shirt. Others work out their plans on paper when they have a few minutes alone. Some plan under the dryer in the beauty parlor or while waiting for a bus. Planning does not necessarily require a great deal of separate time, but must be recognized as most important in the management process.

The home manager is a worker, too. As an efficient manager-worker she makes the most of her time, effort, and ability. She is alert as to how other homemakers manage. She talks to them about their meth-

ods which seem to bring good results. She enlists her husband's interest in getting him to provide extra shelves and hooks, if needed, to arrange her equipment for streamlining her work. She reads books and articles in magazines and newspapers for ideas about efficient ways to work. She examines her work habits to determine if they are good ones. If they are not, she works to change them. She makes a challenging game of her work, pitting her wits against time and motion. She works by the clock. She wastes no time nor energy on nonessentials. Thus she can devote her energies to activities that mean most to her family and herself.

The homemaker who is judicious has developed a sense of balance about her work. She spends time and energy economically on routine tasks. She systematizes her work so that important things are not slighted because of the pressure of routines.

The home manager guides younger members of the family. As a child becomes more independent and wants to help with household activities, the wise home manager takes the time to teach him and make meaningful tasks that are satisfying to him—cutting out cookies, picking up papers, picking up his own toys, dusting furniture, setting the table, and ever so many more. He may slow his mother down, but the wise mother realizes it is not so important to save time in this instance, as it is for the child to learn to carry his own share of responsibility. She is patient and makes a game of his helping her, so they both have fun. She finds, as he grows older, she has to give less and less guidance. Working together and sharing activities at home will seem to him the natural way to get things done. His mother's guidance all through his growing-up years has been a chief factor in his reaching this point with ease.

The home manager evaluates results. A good home manager is continually weighing values. She does this in planning, in working, in guiding, and in teaching her children. She is constantly alert to the means that will bring most satisfying results to her family. She will frankly examine and evaluate her own success and failures—and she will learn from both. She will also encourage family members to do likewise. Her approach will be positive and constructive. She will try to see for herself and help others in the family to perceive the real strengths they have, and how they may use all their resources, human as well as material, to build for themselves the kind of life they really want.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are some of the management problems which confront a housewife?
2. Explain why planning is essential to the well-run home.
3. Why is it a good thing for the housewife to budget her time?

Literature—America's Literature—Meet the New World

Lesson 1—The American Dream

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 1-4; 33-36)

For Tuesday, October 21, 1958

Objective: To review the roles of adventure, financial gain, and religious freedom in bringing the first explorers and settlers to the shores of what now constitutes the United States.

A wise Frenchwoman, Mme. Bertin, once truly observed that "the only newness is the rediscovery of that which is old."

In any serious attempt to study the past, so bewilderingly vast is the material to be condensed, so pressing is the need to classify, to simplify, that we oversimplify. How temptingly easy it is to package our forefathers into neatly tied bundles labelled Whig, Zealot, Puritan, Roundhead, Conservative, or Tory. Let us remember that, as a human, man has not changed; he has shaped himself to different patterns so that historical classifications are in modern man reshuffled, but nonetheless present. In a warned effort, then, to understand more fully America's literature and the fathers who produced it, we must turn to the mirror of the past.

Deeply ingrained in the nature of timeless man is his anticipation of an existence better than that which he presently knows. The ancient Greeks looked backward to their Golden Age. Plato (427-347 B. C.) wrote his *Republic* to blueprint his ideal mortal world, as did the English writer Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) in his *Utopia*. Throughout recorded history men have anticipated man's ideal fulfillment in after-life.

The American Dream

From the pre-Columbian century to the present hour, a few visionary men from each generation have devoted their youth and maturity to pursuing the American Dream. America as dream or as hope has never been truly seen in its fulness; the gap between the real America and the ideal America has ever been wide. Hosts of people have never known, or have forgotten, that there are two Americas — the tangible, immediate America and the filmy, intangible dream.

For those who, at almost any price, have hungered for glimpses of the true America, it has never been merely thing or place, but always idea or dream: To wipe the slate clean and start over; to capitalize on the isolation of the wilderness far removed from Europe's hereditary patterns by establishing, in peace, one's own dream of the ideal community; to take land which could be had for the asking and shape it to a pattern of communal harmony and productivity — these dreams have

been tried or achieved. Major hungers have driven wave upon wave of western Europeans to explore and colonize the "New Found Land." It is to a consideration of these basic hungers that we now turn.

Hunger for Adventure: Put bluntly, some men are not "homebodies." While the Viking, or Anglo-Saxon spirit has always been one to roam, as seen in Eric the Red and his son, Leif Ericson (ca. 1000 A. D.), Marco Polo (1254-1324) was the first great wanderer of the Renaissance period, and the first European to traverse Asia. How great is our debt to him for liberating the imaginations of men with his exotic tales of the Court of Kubla Khan and the Great Khan, where a thousand cartloads of silk came into the city each day; palaces with walls and ceilings of gold; Japan (or Cipango) a large island rich in "rose-tinted pearls" and precious stones; pearls and diamonds, spices, indigo of India; small islands in the eastern sea which produced "valuable and odorous woods, and gold and gems, and all manner of spices — pepper as white as snow"; Zanzibar and Madagascar's ivory and gold. In one sense the Renaissance began with Marco Polo. Columbus acknowledged reading him thoroughly; his book inflamed Southern Europe. His first dazzling report set in motion currents in Italy, Spain, and Portugal which soon resulted in men circling the globe.

The lure of vistas and cultures never before seen by white men is one of the magnificent glories of the past, one not forgotten by later generations. Joel Barlow (1754-1812) one of the Connecticut Wits, considered his greatest work to be his epic, *The Vision of Columbus*, later reworked into the *Columbiad*. Undoubtedly, many Europeans who braved the uncharted ocean and the wilderness of the New World were motivated by this hunger for adventure.

Hunger for Land and Wealth: Immediately upon returning from his first voyage, Columbus published his *Epistola*. So hungry was Southern Europe for firsthand details of this unbelievable miracle world, that the book ran through seventeen editions. Soon Cabot, Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert (who was the father of English colonization), were challenged to emulate the host of Portuguese and Spanish explorers, some of whom sailed and traded and claimed lands a full century before. Among others, were Prince Henry the Navigator (1394-1460), Americus Vespucius, Magellan, Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, Coronado, and De Soto. Nor should we forget that Portugal was the pioneer world-explorer; that the Genoese Columbus sailed for Isabella of Castile; that the Spanish Council of the Indies, through which New World colonization was governed, was organized in 1524 (almost one hundred years before the Pilgrims came); that in 1536 Don Antonio de Mondoza was Viceroy of New Spain at Mexico City; that, when in 1588, Thomas Hariot wrote the first English promotional book in defense of England's first colony, the ill-fated Roanoke, North Carolina, expedition, it appeared forty-six years *after* the first American book,

A Perry Picture

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Cabeza de Vaca's *Relacion*, which appeared in 1542 to detail his walking tours across the present states of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Furthermore, when eight years before the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth defied established, all-powerful Spain by granting to Sir Francis Drake "the most important knighthood ever conferred by an English sovereign" for looting unprotected wealth from the ports of the fabulous Spanish Main, he was rewarded for *harrying*, not for *establishing*.

The above facts prove the puniness of England's efforts in the New World before the balance of power shifted abruptly with the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Previously, she had nibbled at the fringe of Spain's two overseas empires. Now, with the victory, England was free to counteract New Spain's ominous growth by establishing colonies in Barbados and the Bahamas, southern ports from which rich Spanish galleons could be captured most effectively. We should not forget that in England's northern, hence less valuable colonies, the constant hatred for Spanish Catholicism unified all seventeenth-century Protestant factions—Quaker, Methodist, Anglican, Puritan. Nor was the dreaded threat of Spanish invasion entirely confined to Old England.

Following Elizabeth's death in 1603, King James I was vitally interested in establishing English colonies, but haggling Parliament controlled the purse, thus forcing English colonization to be financed by wealthy, private individuals who had sufficient status to gain a royal charter. This charter granted them exemption from certain commercial laws, and the right to colonize and exploit stipulated areas in the name of the Crown. Established by Queen Elizabeth three years before her death, The East India Company soon became wealthy, and other groups followed its example by obtaining similar charters in America. Basically a trading nation, England's monarchs were pleased, since by establishing colonies, outlets for her goods, on which she had a monopoly, were created.

Save for the Pilgrims, all the groups establishing colonies in America were wealthy men — either aristocrats or wealthy merchants— who hoped to increase their own wealth by inducing the lower classes to do the colonizing, under the same social and political pattern they took for granted at home. Some colonies were peopled by indentured servants, who worked for a number of

years to pay for their land and passage; in others, land was sold for cash.

Then, as now, the amount of land granted various companies was staggering, for example, the charter granted to a group of Plymouth, England, promoters, in 1607 which gave them 10,000 square miles of land. At the same time, a London group formed the Virginia Company which settled Jamestown. Two years later its charter was enlarged to contain a strip four hundred miles wide, extending "west and northwest" to the Pacific Ocean. In 1663, Charles II granted to a group of eight men the domain of Carolina, extending from sea to sea between the thirty-sixth and thirty-first parallels, while, in 1681, William Penn received the largest grant ever given to one individual.

Thus it becomes amply evident that aristocratic patterns were to be perpetuated in the New World. But what about the future of the rising middle-class? When William Penn observed that "colonies are the seeds of nations," did he have in mind the welfare of the many as well? Would they fit in harmoniously with plans furthered by king and charter-holder?

Yes, essentially, because they, too, were loyal Englishmen, and no other alternative existed. Individually they were attracted by the abundant natural wealth of forest, tillage, and stream, And there the sun shone as they had never seen it before. As Penn writes: "The air is sweet and clear, the heavens serene, like the south parts of France." John Smith: "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

Hunger for Religious Freedom: While the settlers of Jamestown, Virginia (1607) were chiefly motivated by the quest for adventure or personal gain, we must not forget another great hunger, motivating and basic. This was the hunger for religious freedom.

In contrast to the Virginia colonist who was concerned with the glories of this world, the Pilgrim of Plymouth Bay was seeking a haven where he might worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. (See text, page 4.) The beliefs and growth of this courageous little colony of 1620 will be discussed in detail in the following lesson.

Captain John Smith

Few American writers have rivaled the first one—Captain John Smith—for the vitality and gusto of the words with which he created a lasting place for his adventures in the American imagination. In fact, 1608 is considered to be the birth date of American literature (text, pp. 1-2), for in that year Captain John Smith wrote a glowing account of the first permanent English settlement in America. Whether all the events he described happened in actuality or merely within his own fond imagination, we cannot know nor does it matter; if they didn't really happen, they should have, so richly do they detail what every boy secretly hopes might happen whenever he goes out hunting rabbits with a slingshot.

In Smith's *Journal*, he recounts how "Captain Smith" stabilized the Jamestown venture in 1607, after which he explored New England for another group of London merch-

ants, naming Plymouth and several other landmarks. Though he lived to be fifty-two, his glorious exploits were finished before he was forty.

Here is Elizabethan prose alive with movement, excitement, spectacle, heroism:

> Early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him [Smith] to sit, and all the guard went out, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tied together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; the skins hanging round about his head, backe and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in which the like antique tricks, painted half blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's along their cheeks. Round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest, with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces. . . . Till night, neither he nor they did eate or drinke; and they feasted merrily. . . . After this they brought him a bagge of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seeds. . . .
>
> At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held; but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the Kings dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his heade in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperour was contented he should live. . . .

Captain Smith saw more in this lovely land than clear skies: for the ambitious, hard-working, religious young Englishman here lay the answer to his dreams, the key to a new way of life, a new attitude toward all existence. He speaks what was strongly felt in the hearts of so many:

> Who can desire more content, that hath small means; or but only his merit to advance his fortune, than to tread, and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he have but the taste of virtue and magnanimitie, what to such a minde can bee more pleasant, then planting and building a foundation for his Posteritie, gotte from the rude earth, by Gods blessings and his owne industrie, without prejudice to any? If he have any graine of faith or zeale in Religion, what can hee do less hurtful to any: or more agreeable to God, then to seeks to convert those poore Salvages to know Christ, and humanitie, whose labors with discretion will triple requite thy chartes and paines? What so truly sutes with honour and honesties, as the discovering things unknowne? erecting Townes, peopling Countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue; and gaine to our Natiue mother-countrie a kingdom to attend her; find employment for those that are idle because they know not what to do: so farre from wronging any, as . . . to cause Posteritie to remember thee; and remembering thee, ever honour that remembrance with praise?

The American Dream

It becomes apparent that values contained within today's American dream were present then, conveyed in words full with the poetry of

peaceful possession. But, lest one might point out that John Smith was of the wordly Virginia Colony, and therefore susceptible to such flights, we must end with a quotation from the writings of Samuel Sewall, one of the Stalwart Puritan fathers who are reputedly dour, glum, unemotional, utilitarian. For love of the land, and the peace which can come only from the sublime "at-home" feeling, few passages surpass Sewall's simple yet moving description of his home country:

> And as long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded post, notwithstanding all the hectoring words and hard blows of the proud and boisterous ocean; as long as any salmon or sturgeon shall swim in the streams of Merrimac, or any perch or pickerel in Crane Pond; as long as the sea-fowl shall know the time of their coming, and not neglect seasonably to visit the places of their acquaintance; as long as any cattle shall be fed with the grass growing in the meadows which do humbly bow down themselves before Turkey Hill; as long as any sheep shall walk upon Old Town Hill, and shall from thence pleasantly look down the river Parker and the fruitful marshes lying beneath; as long as any free and harmless doves shall find a white oak or other tree within the township to perch or feed or build a careless nest upon, and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of gleaners after barley harvest; as long as nature shall not grow old and dote, but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian corn their education by pairs; so long shall Christians be born there, and being first made meet, shall from thence be translated, to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the saints in light.

What more undeniable proof could one ask that the American dream is not a recent invention, or one beginning with the Founding Fathers of 1776? What more pleasant communing with fellow men who are our own, and so like us in many things? And for what better occasion could we ask to be grateful for words and the printed page, the device which vanquishes time and distance, and brings us identity within the great tradition of our own past, the past which literally puts words in our mouths, beliefs and hopes in our hearts?

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why might it be said that the Renaissance began with Marco Polo?
2. Do you believe John Smith to be a "true" writer?
3. What great event liberated England to begin competing with Spain's colonizing achievements?
4. Were England's first colonies aristocratic or democratic? To whom were they designed to bring wealth?

Repose

Catherine B. Bowles

The day begins, then evening's here.
The silver moon shines bright and clear.
A finished task, the day is done,
As shadows vanish one by one.
Then sweet repose and all is right
And peace reigns softly through the night.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 15—The Family Ties

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, October 28, 1958

Objective: To obtain an awareness of family ties and to know of their strength in meeting family problems.

THE family can be likened to a basket. It is woven by interlacing its members with many ties. The shape, size, and beauty of this basket vary, for its construction is a "Do it yourself" project. The durability and quality of the product will depend largely upon the combination of ties involved and their skillful use. The basic ties of marriage, birth, family patterns, and religious convictions provide the primary threads. The real beauty of the family, however, is developed when ties such as love, faith, and devotion are intertwined in proper proportion to produce the flowers of happiness which are found in the basket only when these ties are present.

The primary purpose of this lesson is to discuss some family ties and to demonstrate the hidden strengths which they provide to meet the problems of family living today.

The Ties of Marriage

Marriage is a basic tie with legal, social, and eternal aspects. Attached to the marriage are many other ties of varying kinds. It has been facetiously suggested that marriage is a "knot" tied of a "beau" and a "belle" with a ring. The durability of this tie depends upon adequate and advance planning and constant devotion during the marriage. To Latter-day Saints, marriage is an eternal relationship, a tie forever, and it is not to be considered lightly. The marriage contract or ceremony, like a contract to build a house, is executory in nature. Each contains present vows, but each looks to the future for a full realization of the contract. As the house must be built, so must the marriage. Each must begin with a solid foundation. Whether we are building a house or a marriage, we need to "build it upon a rock" (Matthew 7:24-27), so it will be unscathed by the buffetings which are sure to come. Marriage is more than a ceremony and more than romantic love. While each is essential, the kind of marriage, the happiness and satisfaction it provides, depends largely upon how husband and wife, individually and together, build the marriage structure.

In contemplating marriage, young people should carefully consider what they should seek in each other. They should squarely face the question: What characteristics can I bring to marriage and what characteristics should I seek in a marital companion? Experience has demonstrated that some marriages are more successful than others, and that marital success is somewhat de-

pendent upon the personal ingredients which husband and wife bring to the union. As a general rule, and there are exceptions, success in marriage is more likely under the following circumstances:

1. If the parties to the marriage come from *similar backgrounds*. We have previously learned that our experiences in life affect our behavior and attitudes. If our religious, social, educational, economic, and interest backgrounds are different, we view situations differently. While these differences provide opportunities to broaden the family outlook, they also provide irritations which act as wedges when couples have disagreements.

2. If the marriage partners have emotional maturity. Being "grown-up" emotionally, having a healthy personality, is a condition which results from many influences, those influences which we all know are important to each person. Happiness, generally, is a result of emotional maturity. A happy, optimistic attitude is a great resource in marital success.

3. If the couple share *common goals*. In this connection, persons contemplating marriage might well ask these questions: What does each of us expect from life? Do we share common views about children and the role of the family? Do we have similar views concerning the purpose of life? What about social life? Do we think alike on the acquisition of this world's goods? On savings? On spending?

4. If the parties are well acquainted with one another prior to marriage. While love at first sight may be a time saver and strikes a romantic note, experience has shown that marital success is more likely when husband and wife really know the kind of person they are marrying. Observance of a prospective spouse under varied conditions helps one to know just what he or she is made of and how the storms of the sea of matrimony will be weathered.

Strengthening the Family Tie

The nuptial tie is the commencement of a marriage which can be enriched and strengthened by ties of sacrifice, companionship, and the sharing of success as well as disappointment. Love is important in a marriage. Real love is deeper than romance. Those who truly love have experienced the pleasure of making their loved ones happy, of working out differences as they arise, of thinking in terms of "us" rather than "me."

Persons who seek a sound marriage must be willing to pay the cost. Our pleasures in marriage are enhanced when we willingly assume the obligations of the relationship. The husband must assume his role as head of the household, but with consideration and justice. The job of meeting the financial needs of the family often becomes a heavy burden. This is one of the costs of marital happiness. The wife contributes to the purchase of happiness by creating the atmosphere of the home and by providing the day-to-day care which the children must have. The unglamorous tasks which she performs are money in the bank of happiness.

While marriage is restrictive, it does not mean "bondage." Family ties are strengthened when family members play together. Family outings, home nights, vacations, and joint projects all contribute to the stabilization of the home. The bond of affection between husband and wife is strengthened by going out together socially. The romance of dates need not end with marriage. Family ties are strengthened when couples build common habits and interests. The social life of a family greatly affects marital happiness and success, and couples should,

therefore, carefully build this aspect of their life together.

Family *financial policies* may strengthen or weaken the ties which hold the union together. As husband and wife agree on family expenditures, or what they want of the future, they pull together.

The Church has always taught that the greatest mission of women is motherhood. In speaking on keeping families intact and rearing children properly, President Joseph Fielding Smith said at the April 1958 General Church Conference:

> One thing . . . that I would like to call attention to—young people, when they marry are not satisfied to begin with a little and humbly. . . .
>
> Now this condition of wanting everything leads to this great trouble: Both the mother and the father find employment. That means that children are left either to run the streets or somebody has to be called in to take care of them in the absence of the parents. . . .
>
> Now, let us try humbly to keep our families intact to keep them under the influence of the Spirit of the Lord, trained in the principles of the Gospel that they may grow up in righteousness and truth. I think the Lord requires that at our hands. He has said, as I have read it to you here, that He will hold the parents responsible for the acts of the children and they are given unto us that we might train them in the ways of life, eternal life, that they might come back into the presence of God their Father.
>
> Now, some may think I am a little extreme, but I think that the training of the children, the watching care over the children in the home by the mother, is worth far more than to have her seek employment, even if it is a matter of pinching a little in order to keep going in the home.

The Ties of Birth

Birth is the occasion for the establishment of many ties. The ties between a newborn and his parents, particularly with his mother, are close and deep. The anchor between a child and his parents, at first, is one of complete dependence. His life depends upon being fed and loved in other ways. This bond of affection grows, as each day passes, and as each develops dependence upon the other, each receives satisfaction, the child in feeling the warmth of the parent, and the parent in seeing the child respond. The little "bundle of joy" strengthens ties between husband and wife and establishes additional ties among and with all family members.

The ties thus established with brothers and sisters are enduring and stabilizing to the entire family. Until the child comes to realize that he is an individual, separate and apart from others, this secure relationship is not complicated by the outside world.

The Ties of Family Patterns

In addition to the ties of birth, there are other ties which reach into the future. Those are the ties of family patterns. The child soon learns that he is part and parcel of the family; that he is tied to their fortunes, and is subject to the family's reputation in the community. The accomplishments and honors, as well as the failures, of other family members in community and church are all linked with the new child. After some years, the child discovers his birth tied him with the distant as well as the immediate past. These ancestral ties link him with family experience and tradition, giving him a status obtained in no other way.

These family patterns are usually passed from generation to genera-

tion. For example, if at all times we show deference, consideration, love, understanding, appreciation, and gratitude to parents, we establish a pattern of family living which is passed to our children and our children's children. When these concepts are part of the family pattern, the care of parents in their "golden years" follows as a matter of course. This tie gives new meaning to the time-honored advice:

"Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12).

Stress on Family Ties

The functional purpose of desirable family ties, in addition to providing to the individual stability, security, and happiness, is to provide strength and reserve with which to meet problems which affect most families.

Marital Problems. While a marriage may be a "bed of roses," "thorns" are also present. The marriage which lacks disagreement must indeed be dull. Marital partners who are realistic know *there will be differences from which they cannot run.* To pretend they do not exist, or that their existence is shameful, is an unwholesome approach which only enhances the problem. Married persons should not mistake normal developments for serious problems. For instance, if you occasionally become bored or quarrel with your spouse, do not conclude you have fallen out of love or that your marriage was a mistake. *Conflicts in marriage are not uncommon,* but they may be disastrous if not resolved, for a ". . . house divided against itself shall not stand" (Matthew 12:25). If we have developed a closeness through the ties of love, consideration, understanding, and common goals, we will intelligently seek solutions to our problems. When problems arise, each marital partner might ask and answer the following questions:

1. What do our differences mean to my spouse?
2. Why am I annoyed and what do they mean to me?
3. What can I suggest as a step towards the solution of the problem?
4. Am I patient?
5. Am I permitting my partner to "save face?"
6. Have I made it clear that I have an abiding love for my partner even though we disagree?

When disagreements cannot be resolved through their own efforts, married couples should seek competent help. Latter-day Saints may seek the advice of their bishop who may assist them himself or refer them to others who can adequately deal with the situation. Third persons who have skill to solve marital problems approach their task without a strong prejudice for or against either party, with understanding, and a desire to help.

All married partners have *differences.* These differences relate to such things as interests, tastes, their physical capacities, politics, or religion. It is from these differences, often little unimportant things, from which conflict comes. If couples are to solve their differences, they must recognize them by bringing them out in the open. Quarreling sometimes has the effect of doing this very thing, but it would be far better if differences could be discussed frankly and without anger.

A problem closely related to

marital differences is the proverbial problem of the *in-laws*. When we marry, we establish tie lines with the relatives of our marriage partner. These *ties* can be sources of trouble between husband and wife as well as the in-laws, *but they need not be*. If we start with the right attitude towards our in-laws, if we treat them with respect and love, and try to understand them and their needs, this association can be one of the choicest in life. Mothers-in-law, who are also mothers, bless their hearts, have special needs which we should try to understand. Some of the problems of a mother-in-law arise by virtue of her ties with your spouse. You should understand these ties were formed long before you were in the family and, if she seems possessive, try to overlook it. On the other hand, if you are the mother-in-law, you should understand that your ties with your children can never be broken, but should be different, however, with your adult children. You should recognize and accept the difference by assuming your role wisely. It is far better for a newly married couple to live by themselves than with in-laws.

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh (Genesis 2:24).

One of the major causes of divorce arises out of *religious differences*. Temple marriages are the only really successful marriages where Latter-day Saints are concerned. No mixed marriage is ever wholly successful, and the partners must work hard for whatever measure of success they gain.

It has been a teaching of the gospel in all ages that members of the Church should marry members of the Church. Paul said "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers . . . (II Cor. 6:14).

Tension on the Apron Strings. A child's push for social independence, which begins very early, strains the parent-child relationship. When Junior puts on his first "tie," when he reaches his adolescence, his parents become apprehensive and there is great tension on the *apron strings*. The apprehension of parents is born of a strong desire to see that their child takes safe steps as he ventures forth. One of the great problems of youth today lies in their failure to recognize that *parental "do-nots" are primarily expressions of love*, stemming from a strong desire, almost a fanaticism, that their child go into the world in an acceptable and satisfactory manner. If proper ties of love, confidence, and understanding have been formed, this experience, though ofttimes "bumpy," will be one of satisfaction, of adjusting existing ties and forming new ones. At this time the ties of parental love must be warm and apparent; the limits of discipline must be reasonable and consistent; and the cords of understanding must be constantly used. Parents must help their children realize that, through it all, they have an abiding love for the child. All of us should help children fathom the *"peculiarities of parents*. They should realize why parents have difficulty in loosening the apron strings. The difficulties of adolescence are not exclusively with the adolescent. This "new freedom" for the child is a "new phase" for mother and father as

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well. He who was once completely dependent upon mother and father is now seeking broader horizons leading to an eventual family of his own. The very thought of this grown-up "babe in arms" being married and leaving home is a nostalgic threat to mother. Mother should realize the inevitableness and grandeur of growing up and should conscientiously seek to adapt herself, by gradual steps, to the day when her child leaves home.

Leaving the Home. Family ties buoy up the "inner man" as he leaves the family hearth. That child who has been firmly rooted in a good family goes on his mission, away to school, or to the army, with hidden strengths which help him to meet the problems of loneliness, of temptation, and of relationship with others. As he establishes his own household, we see him copying patterns of his parental home, and assuming responsibilities of adulthood with dignity. While he has severed some family ties, particularly those of associating constantly with his parents and brothers and sisters, those ties which help him effectively to relate to his spouse, to take his proper place in community living, to fit into the great plan of life, are stronger than ever before. These ties are probably his greatest inheritance.

A parent who has properly taught his child, who has given him love and security, and provided for his other needs can accept his child's leaving home to attend school, fill a mission, or serve his country. He is in a position to give him this word of advice:

My boy, I have taught you the principles of the gospel. I have taught you to pray to God, at my knees, from the time you

were a child until you have reached manhood. I have taught you virtue. I have taught you honor. I have taught you to stand for the Truth and to honor your father and your mother in the world, and by so doing honor the fathers and the mothers, and the daughters of all men, wherever you go. . . . Go out into the world from your home clean. Keep yourself pure and unspotted from the world, and you will be immune from sin, and God will protect you. You will be in his hands (*Gospel Doctrine*, Joseph F. Smith, Ninth Edition, page 424).

Eternal Ties

The many family ties among family members form a bond of affection which tightly holds the family together. These ties of relationship insure unity and happiness. But there is yet another tie which is by far the most important of all—the tie with God and eternity. The firmness of this link depends upon the family members. The cord by which man may return to God consists of faith, repentance, and baptism of the water and of the Spirit; service in and devotion to the Church by adherence to its principles; and marriage in the temple of the Lord by one having authority. This tie gives us the courage to seek a better way; the strength to accept death without bitterness; the faith to face the future without fear; and the incentive to enjoy each precious moment of family living. Those who conscientiously seek this tie with God are in the main stream of eternal happiness and progression.

Questions for Discussion

1. Illustrate how differences may be used to good advantage in a marriage.
2. How can regular family councils help avoid explosions in the home?
3. Why should a sense of humor be

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cultivated in any marriage? What can it do for family ties?

4. When are "apron strings" hazardous?

5. How can the eternal family ties sustain the family in time of death? Other separations?

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10. "If I Were a Young Bride," Emily H. Bennett.*

11. "If I Were a Young Husband," Emily H. Bennett.*

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Infinity Speaks

Mabel Law Atkinson

Be quiet, heart, as this lilied pool
Where stars are mirrored, clear and cool,
With a moon-canoe, its pilot, peace—
Be still my heart, accept release.

The Yellow Line

Thelma Groneman

IT was growing dark and time for me to return home. I was afraid. My return journey would lead me down a steep and winding road. Fear gripped my heart as I climbed into my car.

I slowly and carefully wound downward around curve after curve. My heart beat fast. My eyes strained at the dark road. Finally, I came out onto the main highway, but still I had to go down and down, curve after curve. There would be traffic with blinding, on-coming lights. I might not be able to see the road ahead of me.

There wasn't as much traffic as I had expected, but still I was so afraid I was almost ill. I wished I had left earlier.

Suddenly I became aware of the yellow signs along the right-hand side of the highway and the yellow line on the left, marking the center of the road. And all placed there for safety's sake—my safety. Very swiftly a calm settled over me. My heart stopped racing, and I was no longer afraid.

Then the comforting thought came to me—how very much like life was the highway I was traveling. There was danger at every curve, and care was needed to drive every mile. How like life, too, were the yellow signs. God had given us signs to warn us of dangers in life; to guide us in the right path. His constant, comforting inspiration and love were like the constant yellow line.

Oh, dear Father, thank you for your love and comfort. Thank you for your guidance and your understanding of our needs. Thank you for the yellow line.

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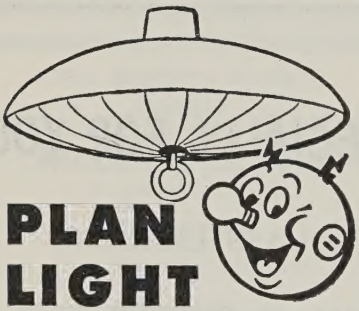

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Wee one, tiny one,
No longer than an elf,
Mite-size, sprite-size,
Waltzing by yourself;
No bigger than a button,
No cuter than a bug,
No sweeter than a kiss,
No warmer than a hug.
Wee one, tiny one,
A flitting honey-bee—
Airy girl, fairy girl,
Waltz awhile with me!

Pioneer Bonnet

Filindia S. Huff

A shield from sun and weather,
Was grandma's plain chapeau;
It had no frill nor feather,
Just slats and calico.

In style born of necessity;
Fashioned all by hand;
Her companion constantly
In trek through sage and sand.

But when she wore that bonnet
To church on Easter Day,
She pinned a rose upon it;
Undaunted, brave and gay.

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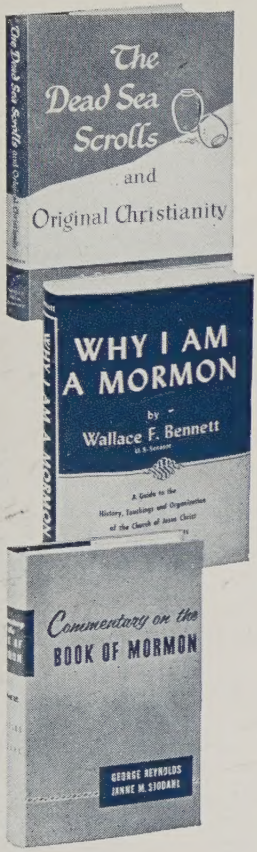

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